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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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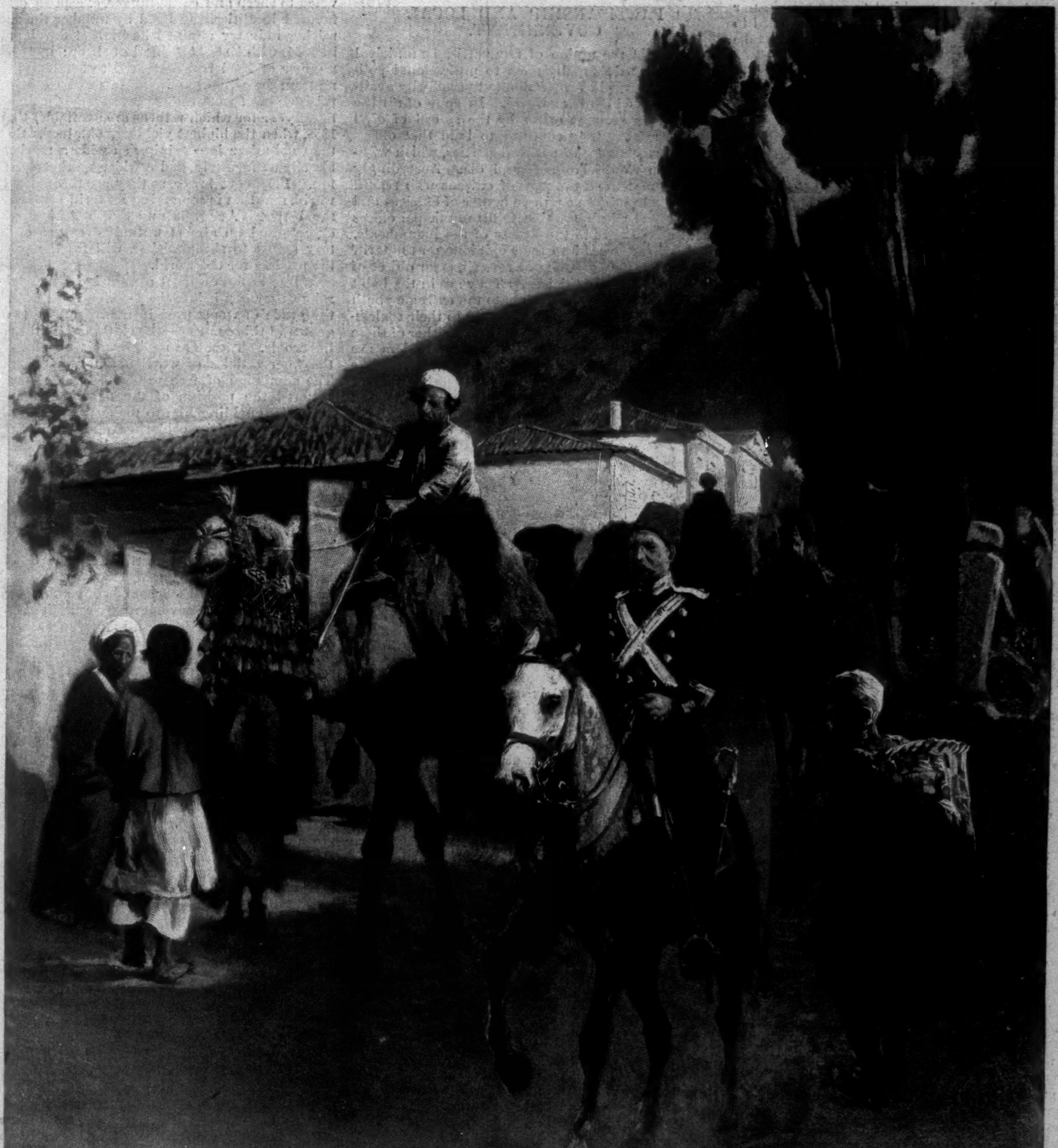

THE SITUATION IN EASTERN TURKEY.

A Caravan leaving Trebizond over the principal Route to Erzerum.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.—[See Page 594.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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REFORM OF OUR FINANCES.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY owed his election to the support of Democratic and Independent voters who believed in sound money and expected him to sustain that cause. They were reassured by his reference to the national finances in his inaugural address. He frankly confessed that "our financial system needs some revision," and declared that "our money should all be put upon an enduring basis, not subject to easy attack, nor its stability to doubt or dispute." He proceeded to recommend the creation of a commission to take the whole subject under "early consideration."

But the President did not live up to the promise of his inaugural when he sent his message to Congress at its extra session a few days later. The necessity of providing "ample revenues" by the passage of a new tariff law was the only thing that he then urged. There was not even the slightest reference to the currency question.

Weeks passed without any sign that the administration was so much as considering this burning question. The only Executive action of any sort bearing upon this subject was the appointment of a commission to go abroad upon a wild-goose chase after international bimetallism.

Disappointment was fast yielding to depression, as month succeeded month without any evidence that the greatest of all governmental questions was receiving any attention. How general was the public disquiet only appeared when Mr. GAGE, the Secretary of the Treasury, took up the question in a speech at a business men's banquet in Cincinnati a few days ago, and spoke with the utmost frankness. Declaring that enterprise waits and industry languishes while the new tariff and financial reforms are delayed, he prophesied an early settlement of the former, and uttered what he well called these "words of assurance" as to the latter:

> If any of you harbor the suspicion that the administration, but just now installed into the responsibilities of high office, has forgotten or is likely to forget the mandate of the people, whose voice in behalf of honest money and sound finances rang out loud and clear in November last, put that suspicion aside. It is unjust and unfounded. In good time and in proper order the affirmative evidences of my declaration will appear.

Mr. GAGE is a man of the highest character, and his words must always carry weight. In this case they were given added importance by his statement that before leaving Washington he had called on the President, asked his permission to say at Cincinnati that a sound system of currency must be established, and been told that this was exactly what Mr. McKINLEY wished him to say.

The business community, very naturally and properly, has been much encouraged by this deliverance. It is reassuring to learn that the administration has not forgotten the duty regarding the currency which was laid upon it. But prolonged delay will be only less mischievous than entire inaction. Mr. GAGE soon found that his Cincinnati hearers were not disposed to rest content with the promise that "in good time" something would be done. They insisted that some step should be taken immediately. There seems to be general agreement that the best thing to do at once is to see if Congress will not authorize the appointment by the President of a currency commission, which shall formulate a plan and present it for consideration at the opening of the regular session next December.

The important thing is that an immediate start toward the reform of our finances shall be made. It will be a hard task in any case, but it only grows more difficult the longer it is delayed. The friends of a sound currency should learn wisdom from its enemies. They are on the alert everywhere. They are full of courage, and they are ready to force the fighting. The defeat of last November has not discouraged them, and they seem to feel the confidence which they profess that it may be reversed upon another appeal to the people. The spirit which characterized the State convention of the BRYAN party in Kentucky last week was significant of its temper everywhere.

It is, of course, possible that the Senate might refuse its consent to the appointment of the proposed commission. The silver men claim that they have a majority in that body, and they may be disposed to assert their power by obstructing even an inquiry into our financial system. But this contingency is simply another argument for immediate action by the administration. Let the President send Congress a message recommending the course suggested in his inaugural, and throw the responsibility of rejecting it upon the silverites in the Senate. If the co-operation of Congress in formulating a plan through a commission cannot be secured, the Executive department must devise one for presentation next winter, and the sooner it knows that this must be done, the better.

The country can live under a DINGLEY tariff or an ALDRICH tariff, but it can never know permanent prosperity until the national finances shall have been established upon a sound basis. The passage of some sort of a tariff law is essential, now that the question is before Congress, but an ideal tariff would not make straight the crooked financial path along which the country has stumbled for years. The question of the future is that of currency reform.

PARTISANSHIP AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

No doubt the notion of non-partisan municipal government does really seem to professional politicians a counsel of perfection not practically available in this imperfect world. In spite of all the disillusions brought about by the spread of civil service reform, they continue to hold that offices are the sustenance of political parties, which without them would languish and die. Accordingly any attempt upon the part of citizens who regard municipal politics as a mere matter of efficient and economical administration to fill municipal offices with a sole view to the fitness of the incumbents, and without regard to their opinions on the tariff or the currency or Cuba or Hawaii, is an object of suspicion to the politicians. They are in the habit of referring such movements to the extreme youth of those who take part in them, or to their sexlessness. When the facts plainly forbid either of these suppositions, they maintain that the leaders are guilty of dark ambitions, including ultimately the overthrow of our institutions.

Considering these things, it seems strange that a professional politician should have been giving aid and comfort to the movement for the non-partisan government of the greater city that is henceforth to be known as New York. This particular politician is the Republican boss of Brooklyn, and he has startled his constituents by proclaiming that, for his part, he does not see what a party which is 50,000 in the minority has to gain by making a party issue out of the municipal elections when it might have a share in a victory to which it contributed. He adds that he will use his influence to have his party organization endorse the candidate of the Citizens' Union, provided he be only a respectable and fit person.

These remarks might seem to be merely the emanations of common-sense. But the circumstances are such as to give them an air not so much of paradox as of blasphemy. For just before the Republican boss of Brooklyn had made them, the Republican boss of what is henceforth to be the borough of Manhattan had announced that he would prefer the victory of Tammany to the victory of the Citizens' Union. He was supposed to speak as the vicegerent of the Republican boss of the State, who has since signified his approval of the sentiment in a manifesto, in which is set forth the necessity for the Republican party to run its own candidate for the Mayoralty, even though it be evidently foredoomed to defeat, by way of preventing the spread of anarchistic sentiments.

This is not so lucid as the declaration of the lesser boss, that since it is certain he cannot elect his own man, he will consent to accept a candidate whose election would at least be of no benefit to the other party, and would besides give promise of good municipal government. But so complete is the discipline which has prevailed in the organization that the avowal of these sentiments is regarded as flat mutiny. It is conjectured that the mutineer, in conjunction with some other bold bad men who have grievances against their boss, among them the Governor of the State, have set up for themselves, and intend to start a "machine" of their own. The fuel for this machine is to be furnished by the State offices, which, now that the Governor has, to use his own expression, "taken the starch out of civil service reform," are expected to yield more in the way of support for the organization than they have of late been yielding. These are high mysteries, with which we may not meddle. But one result of the schism ought to be to make even clearer than before the futility of running a straight Republican ticket in the municipal election. This demonstration would in turn release the mass of Republican voters from their party allegiance. They would feel freer to vote for the best candidates for municipal offices without complicating the question with consideration of the spread of anarchism. In this way the falling out of the Republican leaders should work for good.

WOOL IN THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

THROUGH many causes the tariff has become a measure of politics quite as much as a matter of finance. In some respects the political features predominate so far as to involve the destruction of revenue and the injury of a great interest deserving as much protection as is accorded to any other manufacturing industry. This is the case with the duties on raw wools in both the DINGLEY and the Senate bills. Politics and not finance has controlled the rates, and, as is usual when an instrument is turned from its proper uses, the result is bad.

The decrease in the number of sheep in the United States that has occurred in recent years is due to influences entirely apart from the tariff on wool. Land is becoming too valuable to be devoted to sheep and cattle ranges, except in certain favored localities. Gauged by number the sheep-raising industry attained its highest development in 1884, with 50,626,626 head of sheep; in 1897 the number of head had decreased to 36,818,643. As mutton, the value has increased; and even in the production of wool the clip was larger in 1895 (the latest year for which returns are available) than in 1885, when the highest yield was obtained. So that the wool-raiser is obtaining as wide a market for his clip as formerly, and a wider market for mutton. Prices are lower, as they are throughout the world, and that is something no tariff can alter for the better. Australia and South Africa, with a climate and an almost unlimited extent of territory suited to sheep-raising, will fix the price of the product for the world.

While duties on wool cannot benefit the sheep-raiser, they can injure the woollen industries. Of the grade of wools used in manufactures two are grown in this country—the clothing and the combing wools. These are used in making cloths and the finer articles of woollen and worsted goods. The admission of free wools of these classes has bettered the position of the American manufacturer, by enabling him to make his choice of the fine wools of the world, thus placing him on an equality with his competitors in European countries, where no duties are laid on imported wools. How highly the privilege of free wool has been appreciated is shown by the figures of imports. The largest quantity of clothing wools imported in any year (1894) was less than 40,000,000 pounds; and of combing wools, less than 10,000,000. In 1896, before the tariff question became of importance, there were imported 117,233,440 pounds of clothing and 15,756,318 pounds of combing wools; and since December even greater quantities of both grades have been obtained, in anticipation of the duties to be imposed by the pending bill.

Of the third class of wools, known as carpet wools, very little has ever been, or will be, produced in the United States. They come from semi-civilized countries, where so little attention is paid to the breeding of sheep that the product is of the lowest grades, fit only for rug and carpet making. On these foreign supplies the carpet industry of the United States is absolutely dependent, and to increase the cost of the wool is to increase the cost of carpets to the consumer in an even greater degree. To protect an industry that does not and in the opinion of experts cannot be made to exist in this country—the raising of carpet wools—it is proposed to levy duties highly protective in their nature.

This brief account of a question of many phases enables us to view in their proper light the rates of duty proposed in the new tariff measures. The DINGLEY bill, by restoring the rates of 1890, will increase the cost to the manufacturer of every pound of clothing and combing wools imported by more than one-half. This is an extreme rate, as it entirely neglects the fact that the price of wools has fallen by nearly one-half since the rates of 1890 were fixed. The Senate bill gives somewhat lower rates, eight cents in place of eleven cents a pound in clothing wools, and nine cents in place of twelve cents on combing wools, but the weight of tax will be no lighter than under the McKINLEY law. On carpet wools the DINGLEY bill restores the rates of 1890—thirty-two per cent. ad valorem, and the Senate imposes very much higher specific rates of four and seven cents a pound, according to value. The House rate was excessive, but the Senate rates are exorbitant and indefensible.

The cause of these excessive duties is political, for they were imposed at the demand of certain of the Western States. It is an example of private protection, for no benefit will accrue to the sheep-raiser, while great injury will be done to the manufacturer, and the consumer will be heavily mulcted. It is mischievous so to override finance with politics.

A JUBILEE QUERY.

It is comparatively easy to agree on the distinguishing outward marks of a given age—though, curiously enough, the age may outgrow them before it is quite aware of it. For example, our own age certainly has been long distinguished as the age of "the railroad, the steamship, and the telegraph." Would it not be more accurate to call this last end of it the age of the telephone, the bicycle, and the trolley-car, so completely are they revolutionizing conditions previously accepted as limits of advance?

But when it comes to giving the distinguishing inner marks of an age it is quite another and more difficult matter, because of the lack of general agreement. Perhaps the *London Spectator*, in discussing the question of intellectual progress apropos of the Jubilee, chooses the mark most generally accepted when it points out that knowing how to read and write has now become a commonplace. Yet other like marks distinguishing our own time, as the *Spectator* notes them, are by no means sure signs of progress. "Ordinary conversation," it thinks, has improved largely because "women have learned to converse"—indeed a distinguishing mark. But it adds that "the best talk" does not show improvement, as "vagueness is the note of an extraordinary quantity of it." The *Spectator* says again that "the scientific spirit, though widely diffused, applies itself only to the concrete," and that "hard thinking, in short, is not increasing, and the competent of our day are not quite so competent, especially as regards strength of will and intellectual energy, as the competent of two generations ago."

This is only another way of saying that the tendency of the age, which finds so much occasion for self-gratulation in an event like the Jubilee, is toward monotony of type. A deadly sameness is coming to rob life of the interest of its differences. Like customs follow like ways of living all over the world; and when, for instance, everybody "dresses for dinner" in Canton or Calcutta as they do in New York or London, which will soon be the case, the conformity of outward conventionality will be complete. As it is, the traveller in search of the picturesque or unusual must go far out of the beaten track to find it. In the same way "the general diffusion of knowledge," as it is somewhat boastfully called, levels down as well as levels up. By it the "competent," as the *Spectator* names them, are shorn of something of their former supremacy.

How far is so radical a change, the distinguishing mark of modern life when looked at on all its sides, to be counted true progress? This is the significant Jubilee query suggested by the *Spectator*.

A CRITICAL VICTORY.

National sentiment—like champagne—is exhilarating, especially when freshly opened, but it is not altogether safe to indulge in it too freely. A free indulgence in classic sentiment has of late proved particularly unsuited to the Greek constitution, and it is more than probable that the plaudits that hailed the re-establishment of the Olympic games last year had a very real connection with the recent invasion of Crete and defiance of Turkey. It was evidently a very easy matter, under the influence of this brand of fine old bottled sentiment, for the Greeks of to-day to fancy themselves transported back to the times of their heroic ancestors, and to see in their Turkish neighbors the hosts of Xerxes whom their forefathers defied at Thermopylæ and overthrew at Marathon. Sentiment of this kind is all very well overnight, but, as Greece is finding out to-day, it will hardly bear calm inspection by the daylight of facts.

It is more than doubtful, however, whether Greece has any monopoly even of this particularly heady brand of old national sentiment. The Ottoman Turk, as well as the Greek, has his classic memories to fall back upon. The last hundred and fifty years or more have afforded the Turk so few temptations to recall the memories of his great military past that he might almost be supposed likely to have forgotten it, but there are evident symptoms abroad that such is by no means the case. One little victorious campaign against even so small a neighbor as Greece would seem to have set the old fighting blood of the race tingling in the modern veins of its descendants. For once Turkish soldiers have had something better to do than massacring Armenian peasants, and some more exhilarating experience than making stubborn but practically fruitless efforts to roll back the tide of Slavonic aggression, and the experience may well prove dangerous.

In the affairs of nations, as of individuals, it is frequently the unexpected which happens, and it would be curious, but scarcely wonderful, should the fiasco of Greece's unsuccessful little war prove a greater disaster to the Ottoman Turk in Europe than half a dozen defeats at the hands of Russia. It is an old conclusion of Oriental experience that pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, and it is far from likely that it will receive its modern illustration in the case of Greece alone. Europe has undoubtedly been largely responsible for the misfortunes of Greece, nor can the so-called concert of the powers escape responsibility for the probable blunders of Turkey in the hour of her triumph, yet, on the whole, the results may be beneficial. Let Turkey but assert herself, and her fate as the anachronism of European politics is sealed. Turkey the effete and helpless sick man of Europe might be snubbed, lectured, and bullied by the powers in turn, but Turkey defiant and possibly aggressive would hardly be tolerated for a twelvemonth. While Turkey represents only so much territory as the Sultan is holding in the mean time for whichever power shall in the end have the luck to grab it, the powers can afford to let her alone; but let her once become vigorous in action and aggressive in policy, and the question will very speedily settle itself, and in doing so settle the rule of the Turk in Europe.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The policy of high protection is at present on trial in more senses than one, and various verdicts have already been pronounced by its own friends. The amendments made by the Finance Committee of the Senate to the Dingley bill, and the speech with which Senator Aldrich, the ablest leader in Congress of the protectionists, opened the discussion on the amended bill, have rudely dispelled some of the delusions which formerly were assiduously nursed by the advocates of the protective system.

It will be remembered that the calling of a special session of Congress and an increase in the tariff duties were urged on the specific ground that the government was in dire need of more revenue. The Dingley bill was rushed through the House of Representatives under whip and spur, accompanied by a somewhat enigmatical averment by its sponsor that it would provide the necessary income. But no sooner did that bill fall into the hands of the Finance Committee of the Senate than the confession was frankly made that high protection and large revenue from tariff duties were two incompatible things; that if high protection was insisted upon, it must be kept up for its own sake and in its own name, but not under the guise of a revenue measure; and that if revenue was to be raised it must be by taxation other than high protective duties. The Finance Committee of the Senate accordingly constructed a bill virtually divided into two distinct parts: one devoted to the protection of industrial interests, and the other devoted to the object which, confessedly, the protective part did not serve—the raising of revenue. This may be considered as a clear and conclusive verdict, deliberately rendered by the protectionists themselves, that high protection as a revenue policy is a decided failure.

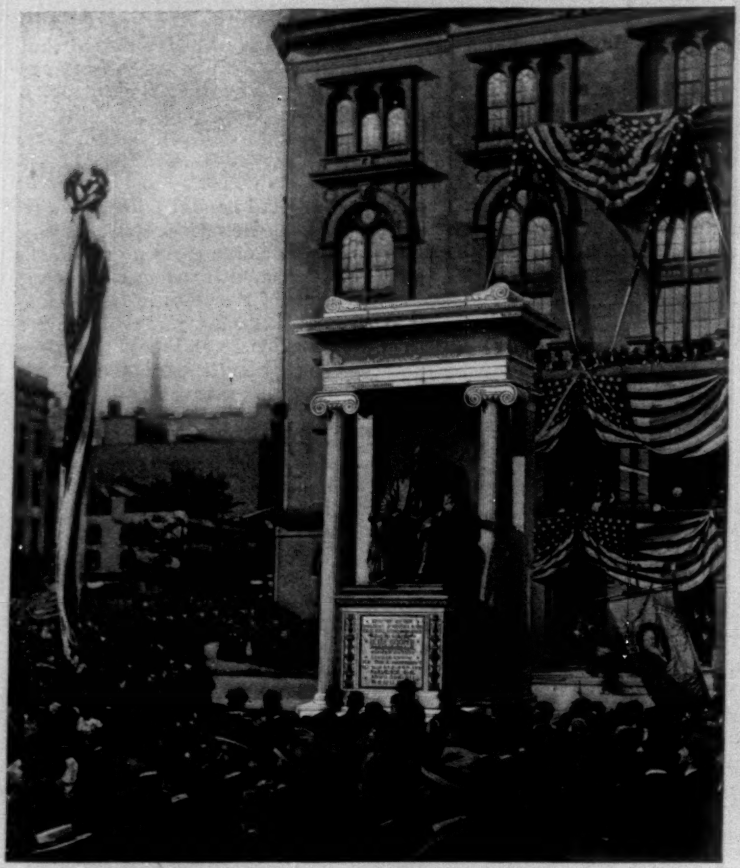
We had also been taught that, although protection was a good thing in itself, and the more we had of it the better, yet only if a reasonable stability in tariff rates could be assured for a sufficiently long period, everything would be right and the prosperity of the country would unfailingly flourish. But now Senator Aldrich, the leader and spokesman of the protectionists, has discovered that the country will not favor "extreme" tariff rates, such, for instance, as those of the McKinley act; that such rates would be apt to provoke reactions which would express themselves at the polls, and that then the stability in the tariff policy, which is so necessary to prosperous business developments, would be rendered impossible. What Senator Aldrich said upon this point is a truth well recognized for a long time by thinking observers, if not by the protectionists themselves. There are, in fact, two things which constantly disturb the desired stability. It is not only the natural repugnance with which the great mass of consumers will regard everything that artificially increases the cost of living, but it is also the fact that a protective policy incessantly excites among the weaker class of its beneficiaries a desire for more and more protection, and that this constant pressure upwards brings about endless unrest. The records of our tariff legislation with its rapid succession of changes in rates furnish ample proof of this. There has been only one period of comparative stability in our history, and that was after the low tariff of 1846, when everybody was so well satisfied that for a series of years the subject of the tariff actually disappeared from our party platforms, the business community having made up its mind that it would prosper best without high protection. And now at last the foremost official champion of protection himself has confessed that high tariff rates and that stability which is required for a prosperous development of the country's business will not go together.

But neither of these confessions, nor both combined, equal in instructive meaning the singular coincidence of facts and circumstances which occurred in the national capital not many days ago. A stock-broker from New York was sent to jail for having refused to answer certain questions put to him by a Senate committee concerning certain alleged speculations of Senators in the shares of the Sugar Trust carried on a few years ago, while a tariff bill was before the Senate, and the action of Senators could affect one way or the other the value of that stock. And the principal men of the Sugar Trust were put on trial in a court at Washington on the charge of having refused to testify before the same Senate Committee as to certain contributions alleged to have been made by the Sugar Trust to the campaign chest of a political party. And while that broker was sitting in jail, and those chiefs of the Sugar Trust were being tried, at that same time another tariff bill was up for discussion in the Senate-Chamber, of which tariff bill the protective duties on the article produced by the Sugar Trust again form one of the most important parts. That discussion is now going on; and again the same rumors are flying about of legislators speculating in stocks the value of which may be put up or down by their official action, and of the ruling party being under such pecuniary obligations to the Sugar Trust, as well as to other industrial interests benefited by the protective tariff, that it will have to do their bidding even against its own judgment as to what will best serve the public good.

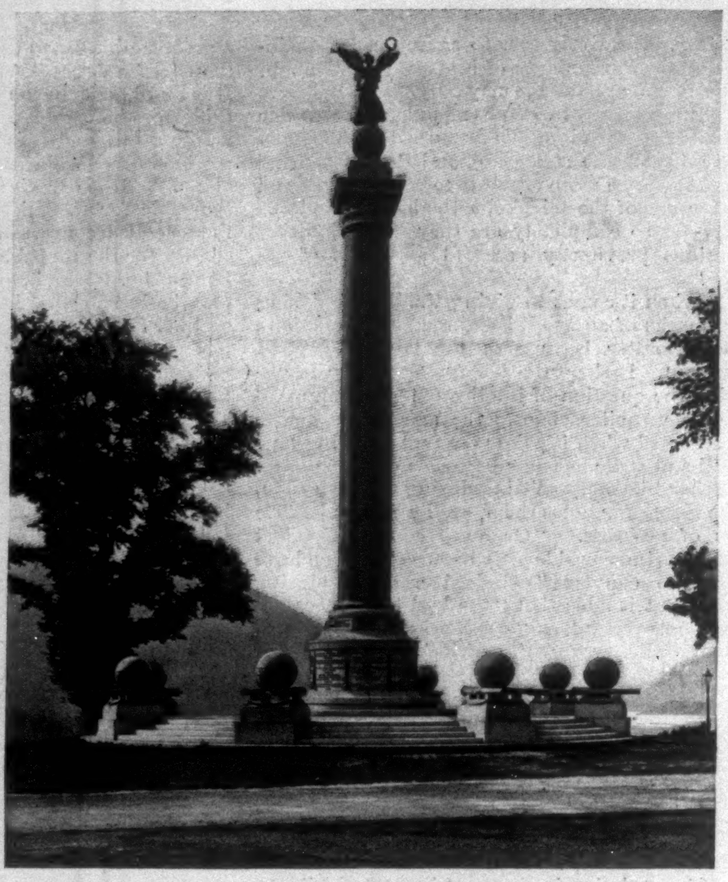
While no fair-minded man will take the refusal of the stock-broker and of the two chiefs of the Sugar Trust to answer certain questions as positive proof that Senators, while fixing the tariff duties on sugar, have been speculating in the stock of the Sugar Trust, or that the Sugar Trust had purchased the controlling interest in a political party, the coincidence here mentioned certainly does serve to recall very vividly to our minds the cynical frankness with which, not long ago, the pecuniary relations between the beneficiaries of the protective tariff and the party championing the protective policy were publicly avowed. The Republican campaign manager has, whenever an important election approached, claimed the right to "fry the fat" out of the protected manufacturer with the same cool assurance with which a merchant claims the price of his goods in an ordinary business transaction. And on the other hand, the manufacturer has, in consideration of his contribution to the Republican campaign fund, felt himself fairly entitled to such favors in the shape of protective tariff duties as it was within the power of the Republican party to bestow; and hence very high tariff rates on many articles for which no other intelligible reason could be given than that they had been asked for. Nor can it be denied that many otherwise right-thinking persons, blind to ulterior consequences, justify such relations by finding it perfectly natural that those who are profited by the tariff should contribute money for the success of the high-tariff party, and that in return this party should then do the best it can for the benefit of its supporters. Those who reason thus forget that such transactions involve the sale of legislation; that the sale of legislation may, as it certainly often does, involve the sale of public interests; and that such a joint partnership between a political party and a great money power must inevitably result in a regular system of corruption on the grandest scale.

The admission by the protectionists themselves that a high protective tariff is a failure as a means of raising sufficient revenue, and that it will not produce that stability of conditions which is necessary for the development of solid business prosperity, will greatly aid the popular mind in rightly gauging the economic merits of the protective policy. But those economic merits are of far less importance in the long-run than the effects which the protective system is producing upon our political morals. While economic blunders may temporarily vex and harm us, they can be remedied and the damage repaired. But it is time for us earnestly to consider how long a people living under democratic institutions can, without irreparable injury to their character, as well as to the working of their free institutions, maintain a policy inducing a great money power to subsidize for its own enrichment one or the other of the political parties, and putting up a stake of untold millions in the general elections, to be won by that money power through the victory of the political party allied with it.

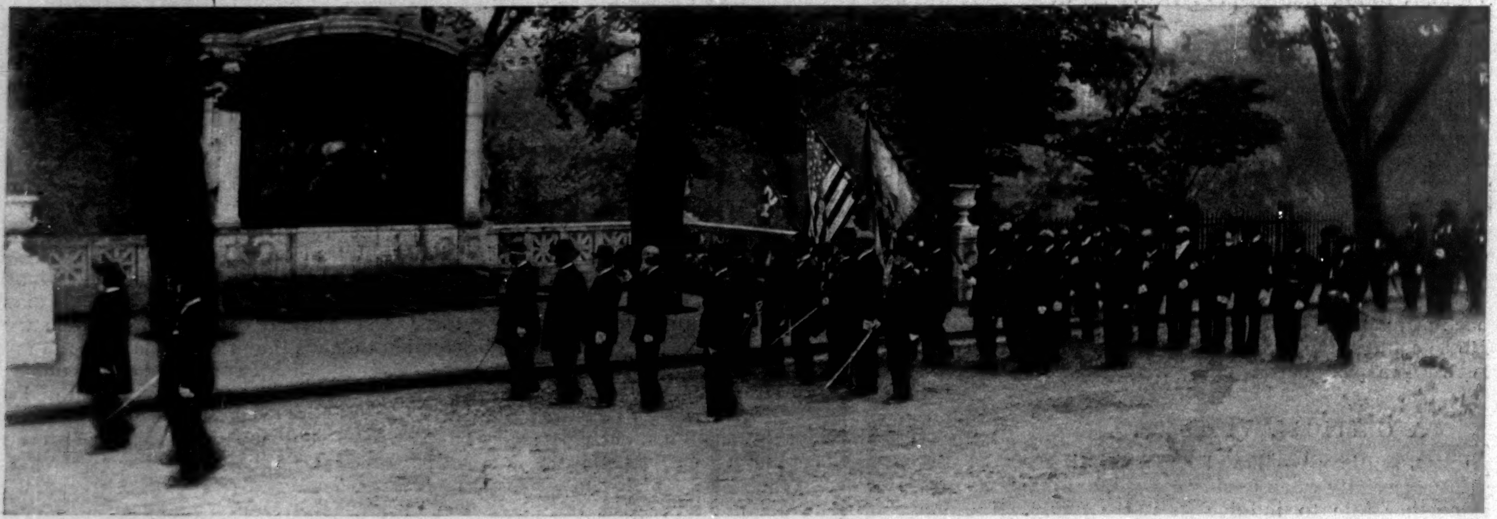
Carl Schurz.



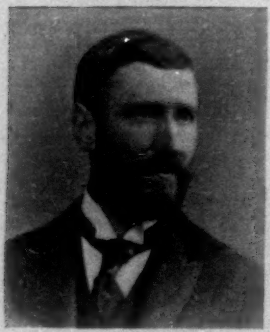
THE STATUE OF PETER COOPER, UNVEILED IN NEW YORK MAY 29.
Showing the Marble Entablature designed by Stanford White.—[See "This Busy World," Page 583.]



BATTLE MONUMENT, UNVEILED AT WEST POINT MAY 31.
A Memorial to the Northern Soldiers who fell in the late War.—Designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, Frederick Macmonnies, Sculptor.—[See Page 594.]

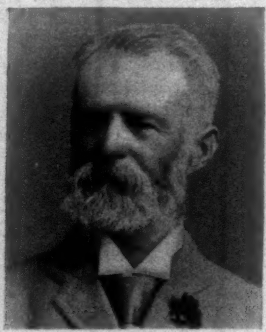


THE SHAW MEMORIAL ON BOSTON COMMON—VETERANS OF COLONEL SHAW'S REGIMENT (FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS) DIPPING THE OLD BATTLE-FLAG AFTER THE UNVEILING, MAY 31.
Showing the Entablature designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White.—[See "This Busy World," Page 583.]



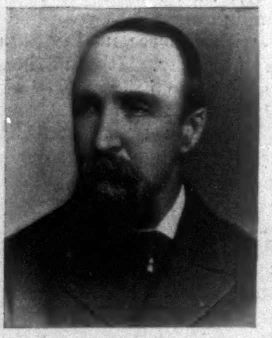
HORACE C. PLUNKETT.

ARTHUR STRAUSS.



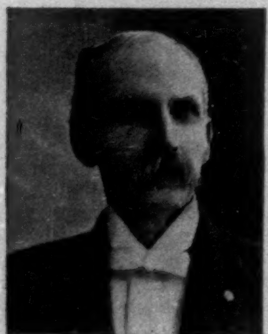
F. W. WILSON.

L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES.

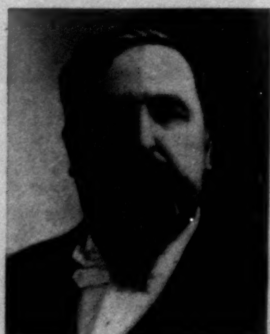


JOHN H. PARNELL.

HOUSE OF COMMONS TEAM.

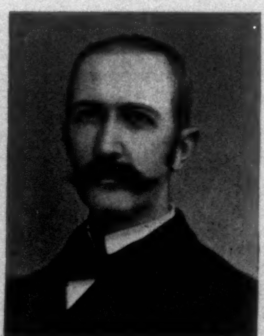


T. S. PLOWMAN.
Photo. by Bell.

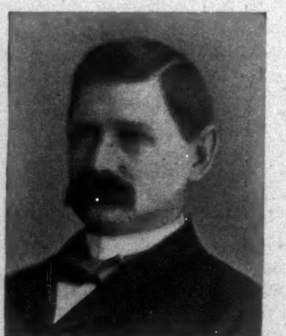


ROBERT N. BODINE.
Photo. by Bell.

LEVIN I. HANDY.
Photo. by Bell.



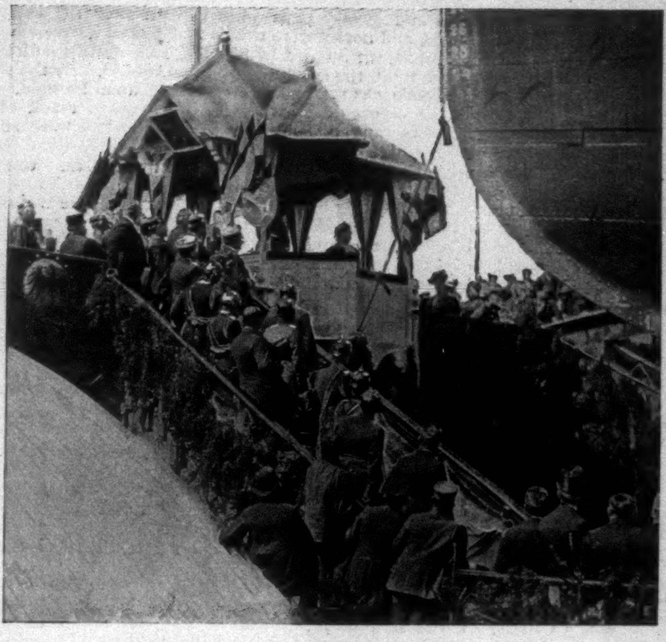
RICHMOND PEARSON.



JOHN F. SHAFROTH.

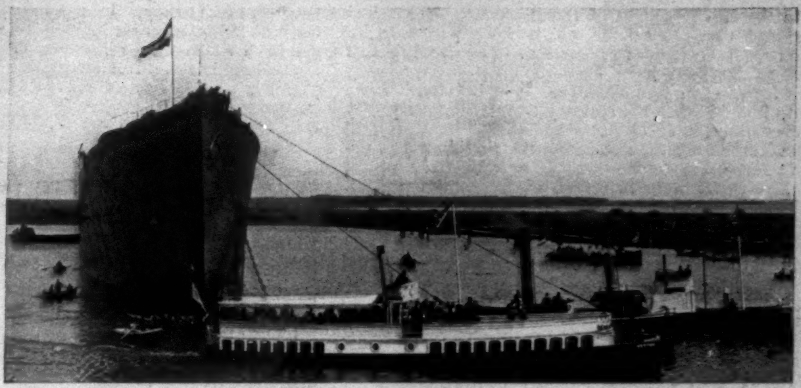
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES TEAM.

PLAYERS IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH BETWEEN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[See Page 595.]

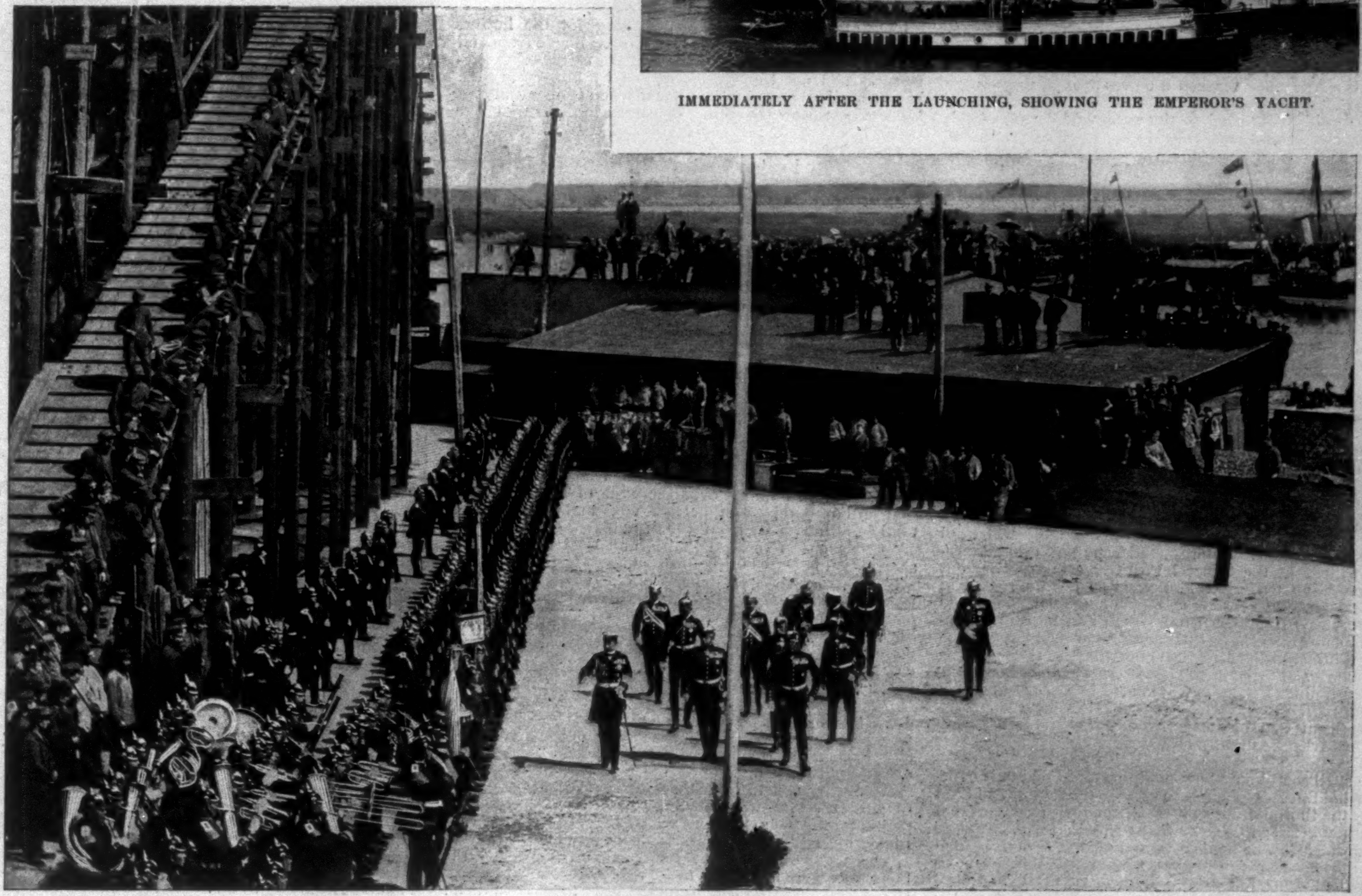


MRS. GEORGE PLATE ABOUT TO NAME THE VESSEL.

SLIDING DOWN THE WAYS.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCHING, SHOWING THE EMPEROR'S YACHT.



The Emperor.

ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE YARD.

SCENES AT THE LAUNCH OF THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE," THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

THE launch of the North German Lloyd steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* at the Vulcan Ship-building Company's plant in Stettin, Germany, on May 4, marked another advance in ship-building. The steamship is the largest afloat. The launch was made memorable by the presence of the Emperor and many high officials of the empire. The vessel was christened by Mrs. George Plate, wife of the president of the directorate of the company. The Emperor arrived at the launching platform a few minutes before the time set for the launch, and greeted the officials and Mrs. Plate cordially, after which Mrs. Plate, as sponsor for the ship, read an elaborate address. She then broke the bottle of wine on the bow and gave the vessel its name.

The Emperor and party then went to a pavilion erected at the side of the river Oder, so as to witness the vessel's plunge. The signal was given, and in the presence of thousands upon thousands the vessel glided into the water. The Emperor showed much animation at the successful launch, and remained in the pavilion fully ten minutes watching the new ship in the water.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is 648 feet long, 66 feet wide, has a depth of 43 feet, 14,000 tonnage, and a displacement of 20,000 tons. She has twin screws, and is expected to develop a speed of 22 knots for a voyage across the Atlantic. If this average speed is maintained for a full voyage across the ocean the vessel will be not only the largest afloat, but the fastest. She will have 30,000 horse-power. The length of tubing in her condensers is twenty-five miles.

The ship will be the first liner with four smoke-stacks to enter the port of New York. The hull is subdivided by sixteen strong transverse bulkheads, and one longitudinal bulkhead in the engine-room. The two three-bladed propellers measure 22 feet 3¾ inches in diameter. The shafts are of nickel-steel, and the length of the shafting is 198 feet. There are no less than 68 separate steam-engines, with 124 steam cylinders, in the craft. The smoke-stacks measure 12 feet 2 inches in diameter and 106 feet in height. There will be 1600 incandescent electric lights in use on the ship, and the crew will consist of 450 persons. The high-pressure cylinders of the main engines have a diameter of 52 inches, the intermediate cylinders of 89¾ inches, and the four low-pressure cylinders of 96½ inches.

The interior arrangements have been planned to secure the highest comfort of the passengers. The chief dining-room extends from side to side of the vessel, and is situated amidships, between the forward and after group of smoke-stacks. On the deck above the dining-room are most of the state-rooms for the first-cabin passengers, with the library, smoking, and drawing rooms. The three grand staircases of the ship have railings in the centre. The decorations are light in color and elaborate in design and finish. A novelty on the boat is four small dining-rooms, bearing the names of William the Great, Empress Augusta, Prince Bismarck, and General von Moltke. There will be a capacity on the ship for 350 first-cabin, 370 second-cabin, and 800 steerage passengers.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is expected to arrive in New York for the first time in the latter part of September of this year. The supremacy of the ship as to size will probably not last more than a year, for in January next the White Star Company's *Oceanic* will be launched. That vessel will be 704 feet long, 24 feet longer than the *Great Eastern*, and a little more than 56 feet longer than the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. She will be 72 feet broad, 6 feet broader than the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, but 11 feet narrower than the *Great Eastern*. In size the new ship of the North German Lloyd Line, therefore, approaches nearest to that of the *Great Eastern* at present. A companion ship, the *Kaiser Friedrich*, is being built in Dantzic. These ships, with the *Oceanic*, to be launched early next year, will represent the advance in size and speed in transatlantic steamships over the vessels of the *St. Louis* and *Lucania* type.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, *May 19, 1897.*

YESTERDAY I attended the annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in order to hear the notable Jubilee address of the president, Sir Clements Markham. He reviewed the progress of geographical discovery during the years that Queen Victoria has occupied the throne of England, and it was indeed a notable epitome that he made. Sixty years ago Africa was a blank, excepting for precarious posts upon the water's edge. Our own Western territory was unexplored, and not even was the northern line of our continent known. The interiors of China and Central Asia were subjects for speculation, as were also the arctic and antarctic regions. It was with pardonable pride that the president of this great geographical society unfolded to a sympathetic audience the share which Englishmen had taken in the discoveries of modern times, particularly as the medals of this society have been given impartially to explorers from all countries. Indeed, at this very meeting the Founders' Medal, so called, was given to the vice-president of the Russian Geographical Society, and two other testimonials were presented to Scandinavian travellers of distinction. The geographical energies of England have been exercised at so many points of the earth's surface that it is not hard for a Briton to imagine that his country alone has done pretty much everything in this line.

In speaking of arctic exploration the president said nothing of the *Jeannette* expedition, of Greely's farthest north, of Dr. Kane, who went in search of Sir John Franklin. Stanley was referred to in such a manner as to leave us in doubt whether he was to be considered an Englishman or American—perhaps this was done with purpose. Credit was given to Maury for first teaching us the physical geography of the sea, but I am sure that nine out of ten present thought he was an Englishman. No reference was made to the pioneer-work across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains, when such exploration was infinitely more dangerous than crossing Africa. But it was an interesting paper, showing us that the Englishman of to-day is not degenerate when it comes to exploring savage countries.

The president referred to the voyage of Captain Cook as having been undertaken at a time when several countries of Europe and also "the American insurgents" were banded together for the "destruction of England." This shows that Sir Clements Markham is stronger in geographical than historical disquisition. He lost a fine opportunity of dwelling upon the magnanimity of Benjamin Franklin, who, in the midst of the Revolutionary war, gave to Captain Cook the letter that protected him against American cruisers and privateers.

There comes to me in London a generous supply of circulars from Germany inviting me to buy lottery tickets. One of these I recently sent to the English Secretary for Home Affairs, asking him if this sort of thing was legal. He answered that it was illegal. Then I asked him if there was no remedy for me from this sort of invasion. In answer I received the following:

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 6th of May, I am directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint you that he can only suggest that any lottery circulars received by you or your friends through the post should be forwarded, with the cover in which they are received, to the General Post-Office." Now since the English law apparently coincides with the American law on this subject, I shall watch the result with interest, and hope that other Americans will assist the General Post-Office in weeding out this gambling trade. Gambling is so deeply rooted in England that the evening newspapers are not announced by reference to any other news than that which is of interest to gamblers. The little newsboys run about screaming "Winner," where in New York they would be calling the name of the paper. The Anti-Gambling League is making a plucky fight in the line of checking this great evil, but it receives here the same kind of newspaper discouragement that besets in New York the path of my esteemed friend Anthony Comstock.

We shall soon know how many people London is capable of holding. It lacks a month of the Jubilee, and yet to-day the thoroughfares are so blocked with vehicles that a journey between Charing Cross and Kensington Palace is almost as slow as the progress of a horse-car on the Belt Line during afternoon hours. Seats to see the Queen on the 22d of June are now selling at twenty-five dollars apiece, and already the buildings along the line of the procession are being concealed behind wooden scaffolding, whereon seats are to be erected. Cabs will be difficult to obtain at any price, housekeeping will be rendered more costly, and Americans who have not already secured rooms in hotels and lodging-houses had better bestir themselves. London will soon become the most crowded as well as the most populous city in the world, and I envy only those in that crowd who are rich enough to purchase adequate space. For one, I propose to content myself with the memory of the 1887 Jubilee, lock up my little house in Chelsea, and with my family and a few canoes seek the forest solitudes of the lake region surrounding the German capital. There I expect to read columns of Jubilee notes telling me from day to day how many poor wretches have died of suffocation or sunstroke in their efforts to purchase happiness on this memorable occasion. In 1887, from the seat I occupied I saw twenty or thirty people carried away on stretchers, and one such experience is enough when our purpose is strictly one of recreation.

International relations can nowadays be marked by other things than diplomatic correspondence. Before the 1st of January, 1896, the German Emperor was a welcome toast at many an English dinner. Since the famous telegram to President Kruger the relations of the two countries have so altered that even in the world of sport the change is felt. I cannot yet learn that enough English yachts will start to make a race between Dover and Heligoland in order to win the prize offered by his Imperial Highness. The Prince of Wales had concluded to do no yachting this year, for reasons which we can readily imagine, but which it would not be well to state frankly. Germans anticipate a glorious race with so much confidence that arrangements are already made to despatch excursion-steamers from Hamburg in order to follow the contest, which begins the 23d of June. There are several English yachtsmen who are members of the German Imperial Yacht Club of Kiel, notably Lord Lonsdale, who entertained the Emperor very handsomely on the occasion of his visit to England before the despatch of the Kruger cable. It would be a great pity if so good an opportunity for an ocean yacht-race as this should be lost; but what I regret most in connection with it is that the contest should not have been open to yachts of all the world, so that our racers could have participated.

The short and ignominious Greek war is at an end, and the Turk enjoys the first triumph he has known for many a century. German organization and guns have done for him what English leadership in the person of General Gordon did for the Chinamen at the time of the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. Under the circumstances it is hard to believe in the future of a country which marched recklessly into war without apparently caring what were the resources of the enemy or of their own war department. One must be also something of an optimist to believe that Greece could have given Crete any better government than that of Turkey. I am not surprised to learn that the German Prime-Minister Hohenlohe cordially sustains Russia in her schemes regarding Constantinople. Prince Hohenlohe is not a free agent, as I have once before explained.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

V.—THE BATTLE OF LA MAJAGUA.

BY the name you might think it was a town, a village, or even an insurgent stronghold. But places must have names, whether mountains or valleys or a particular spot in the midst of an extensive plain. So the place was called La Majagua, which is the name of a tree from the bark of which a durable cordage is made.

La Majagua furnished good grazing for the horses. There was a river there too, and cattle. Shade trees and royal palms dotted the pastures, and the neighboring prefecturas had not been impoverished by hungry armies. It was an ideal camping-place, and when Gomez directed his servant Socorro to spread his canvas in the little grove there, it was with the expectation of remaining several days.

At mid-day I enjoyed a bath in the river. Later my campmate and I were enjoying the luxurious shade of a tattered oil-cloth stretched under a palm, when scouts came in bringing word that a large body of troops was moving on the highway about three miles to the west of us. There was no excitement attending the news, Smith remarking that it was no unusual thing for the Spaniards to pass and repass along the highways almost within a stone's-throw of the commander-in-chief's headquarters. If they were not fired upon by the guard, or their attention attracted by other means, they would in all probability pass by in ignorance of our proximity.

However, I observed a small detachment of horse riding out to explore, and a quantity of ammunition was brought from some hidden recess in the vicinity and distributed to the men forming the Victoria Regiment. Several of the men passing our oil-cloth stopped to exhibit their supply of long yellow cartridges, and in a jovial way said that they were going out to fight. But who would believe them? Smith, looking over the edge of his hammock, said he hoped they would "lick 'em," and we continued talking, although we heard the distant pop of rifles.

"Our men!" remarked Smith, and then followed the sharp rattling sound of Spanish Mausers farther away.

Still there was no excitement in our camp. Word was passed around for our *asistentes* to suspend their culinary operations, and General Gomez stepped out from under his canvas, striking an attitude of attentive listening. The desultory firing of our men continued, answered by the sharp firing of the Spaniards; but by the sound we could plainly distinguish that the Spaniards were not advancing. They were being held in check by our scouts, not a dozen men in all. The men of the Victoria Regiment by this time had untethered their horses, and mounting, galloped across the savanna, disappearing behind the trees in the direction of the firing.

No one seemed to take the situation seriously. Some of the *asistentes* were laughing, others were leisurely gathering up their traps, while our horses and mules continued to graze at the end of their long lariats.

The firing on the outside increased. Evidently the Spaniards were not going to leave the honors of the day to the few men who had so audaciously fired upon them. Gomez bent forward and still listened.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed, "the soldiers are not frightened! They intend to fight!"

By the sound one would judge that a battle was being fought. We could still distinguish the pop, pop of our men's carbines and the quick rattling fire of the Spanish volleys.

Now our dozen men were falling back, for the volley-firing was advancing. Five quick rapid explosions and then a lull—that was the number of cartridges the soldiers carried in their Mausers at one loading. Then there broke forth the desultory pops of the rebel carbines again, this time in a wide circle, like the click of dominoes falling one against the other. It was the Victoria Regiment which had reached the front, and when the rattling fire of the Spanish volleys again broke forth we knew that they were being held in check. The soldiers had not advanced.

Two men with heads bent over their horses' necks came galloping in.

"We did the first shooting!" shouted one; "and ammunition all gone!"

The boom of a gun denoted that the Spaniards had unlimbered their artillery: artillery to fight sixty horsemen, scattered across a field a mile wide. And a half-naked negro as black as night opened his huge jaws and roared. Another yelled, "Los Machos!"

But as the next volley sounded nearer, it appeared time for us to move. Out from under a tree stepped the trumpeter and blew a blast. Then there was excitement. Old Gomez mounted his white stallion; and Smith, seizing his saddle-bags, made for his horse, his carbine trailing behind him. There was a hurrying and a scurrying in every direction. Men who had been heedless to the sound of the fray were now filled with excitement. Tent-cloths were cut down, hammocks rolled up and thrown into panniers, together with fried potatoes and beefsteaks. Smoky pots and greasy pans were thrown over the backs of mules, and horses were untied and jerked into position.

Gomez, surrounded by his staff, rode off in the direction of the fight, the escolta tagging on behind. By the sound the battle was raging fiercely. The cannon boomed. And as the report died away, the quick sharp crack of the Mausers rang out nearer. The Spaniards were advancing, and Gomez stopped. Extending his hand in the direction of the camp, he shouted to an aide, "Get that *impedimenta* out of the way!"

The aide dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and shouted for the *impedimenta* to move—and it moved. The blacker the negro, the cooler the man. The whites were excited, but the mulattoes acted crazy. There was shouting at both men and beasts, and mules were clubbed and sworn at.

Socorro, Gomez's Santo Domingo body-servant, a man of black blood but white complexion, rode around the camp, swinging a rope and shouting fiercely to the tardy ones. Those who were ready first mounted and rode for the woods, a mile back of the camping-place. Others followed, shouting and spurring their beasts, or clubbing the obstinate ones in front of them. Nearer sounded the Spanish Mausers, and in the confusion no longer could the pops of rebel carbines be distinguished. Finally the *impedimenta*, with mules half packed, pots and kettles jingling, and men swearing, was in full retreat, with the Spanish Mausers barking behind them.

Again there was a lull, and again the rebel carbines could be heard—desultory pops. Gomez bent forward on his horse and listened; and again the sound of the volleys broke forth with a renewed energy. The enemy was now marching rapidly.

"Son bravos!" exclaimed the "old man," turning and riding for the woods, where the helter-skelter pack-train was filing in beneath the sombre trees. On the border of the forest he turned and listened again. The volley-firing of the Spaniards pealed forth—five volleys in quick succession, and five now still nearer. Our sixty valiant rebels were no longer able to check their advance, and our general, with his staff and escort, fled into the woods. By a détour his chief scout led the way by the *impedimenta*, now a threadlike line of men, horses, and mules, scampering after one another in response to the shouts of officers to close up, augmented by the emphatic bark of the two thousand Spanish Mausers behind them. We were now being chased in earnest. The Victoria Regiment was fleeing, and the Spanish volleys were echoing through the woods like peals of thunder when the lightning has splintered a near-by tree. Thousands and thousands of nickel-plated bullets must have lodged in the trees, for they did not lodge in any of us. On, on scampered the mules, with their iron pots and tin cans, and soon we were leaving the sharp, quick, rattling volleys behind—for the woods had put an end to the chase. Spanish soldiers do not like the forests.

But we halted not, and soon we passed through the woods and entered upon another savanna. There we struck a road, and fell into marching order, forming a column of twos. Then the plucky "sixty" who had been doing all the fighting were able to pass the *impedimenta*. They came hurrying to the front, urging their horses by the pack-train, and as they did so we were able to observe their losses. Some of them were riding two on one horse, and others were carrying in front of them the saddles belonging to the comrades whose horses had fallen. There were extra horses in the pack-train, to which those who had lost their horses helped themselves, and saddling them rapidly, hurried on. Among these heroes came jogging along a man with a piece of his shirt used as a sling for his right arm, and his side was bespattered with blood. One wounded! And he pushed steadily on to the front. Behind him followed three or four stragglers, and then a young fellow with his leg across the pommel of his saddle, and a Mauser bullet through his foot.

"Does it hurt?" queried some one.

He answered with a grin, and shook his head, but the muscles of his face twitched. The two wounded men reported to the medical staff, and without stopping the column a hasty examination was made of their wounds by the road-side. The wounds were pronounced not dangerous, and with an application of antiseptic cotton, held in place with clean bandages, the men were helped upon their horses and proceeded with us.

Thus was fought one of the battles so often fought in Cuba, and which have given Maximo Gomez renown as a great military leader.

I was afterwards sorry that I had not gone out with the Victoria Regiment, so as to have seen more of the actual fight, if sixty men scattered across a field facing two thousand banging away at each other can be called a fight. The result of this action on our side was the two men wounded and eight horses killed, and when we went into camp that night I wondered if the short-range carbines of the rebels had done any greater execution in the ranks of the Spaniards.

A few days later we marched back to La Majagua, and an examination of the battle-field was made. All the cattle which could be found in the vicinity had been slaughtered and their carcasses burned by the Spaniards. Our dead horses lay as they fell. A careful search was made for dead soldiers, and two were found buried in the river-bank and two more were unearthed beneath the charred remains of cattle; so there was positive evidence of the Spaniards having lost four of their number, which, according to the insurgents' idea, gave the victory to us.

A day or two later General Gomez received a package of papers from Sancti Spiritus, and among them was an extra printed in large type giving a report of the battle of Majagua! The report read that General Ruiz fought the band of Maximo Gomez at La Majagua, forcing him to retire, leaving on the field of battle thirty dead, besides taking away as many more. In his flight, the bulletin further stated, he abandoned a great many horses and correspondence of very great importance. General Ruiz in his report admitted having lost two soldiers killed and twenty-five wounded. Even this confessed loss was a surprise to me, for I did not at first understand how such a small body of mounted men could inflict such a loss upon the overwhelming number of Spaniards, especially shooting as they did from the backs of their horses. "But the target was larger," was the explanation offered by the insurgents.

THOMAS ROBINSON DAWLEY, JR.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The desire of Prince Luigi Amadeo of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, and nephew of the King of Italy, to see how far he can climb up the sides of Mount St. Elias in Alaska has been widely advertised in the newspapers and excites interest. Mount St. Elias is a volcano situated on the line between Alaska and the British possessions, about 250 miles northwest of Sitka. It is somewhat more than 18,000 feet high, and so far as known no one has yet been to the top of it. At least four attempts have been made to scale it. In 1886 Lieutenant Schwatka climbed 7200 feet on the southwest slope. In 1888 Mr. Edward Topham, of England, climbed 11,460 feet on the same side. In 1890 Professor Israel C. Russell explored the base of the mountain and decided that the northern side was most accessible; and in the following year he ascended 14,500 feet, and expected to reach the top, but was prevented by a sudden change of weather, which caused avalanches and turned him back. Judging from his experience there is no sure reason why Prince Luigi, if he is lucky, may not accomplish the ascent. He does not assume to have any higher motive for his attempt than a liking for mountain-climbing as a sport. His party will include four Italian gentlemen, Professor Fay of Tufts College, Professor J. C. Russell, of the Geological Survey, and Professors Davidson and Ingraham of Seattle, and five Alpine guides. One of his Italian comrades is the Chevalier Sella, who is famous for his photographs of mountain scenery. Prince Luigi started westward from New York on May 30. A few days earlier Mr. Henry G. Bryant's party started from Philadelphia on the same errand, which it undertakes with the countenance and support of the United States government. Mr. Bryant's party includes Mr. Samuel J. Enderkin, of the Peary expedition of 1893-4, and Mr. E. B. Tatham, of the United States Coast Survey. With these two ambitious delegations of explorers swarming simultaneously up the sides of St. Elias, there is a promise of high times in that region this summer.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has been back to New York, has viewed the city, and especially the new home of his newspaper in it, and has gone away again. What he thought about it he seems not to have divulged; at least no newspaper has printed any authoritative expression of his sentiments. Mr. Bennett is one of two American citizens whose preference for living abroad excites a good deal of interest in the minds of their countrymen. The other one is Mr. William Waldorf Astor. There are thousands of Americans who live abroad without the least disturbance of the equanimity of their fellow-citizens at home, but with Mr. Bennett and Mr. Astor it is different. There seems to be so much to interest and retain them in this country that the average American is surprised at the continuousness of their preference to live elsewhere. No doubt the whole secret of it is that they like to live where they can have the most fun, but one may conjecture that blended with that comprehensible sentiment there may be a conviction that since the looker-on sees most of the game, there are certain advantages in keeping at such a distance from the work which one directs as to be free from over-distraction by details, and able to concentrate attention on vital concerns. To all appearances Mr. Bennett's newspaper and Mr. Astor's real-estate business prosper in their absence, yet each of these non-resident proprietors is credited with activity and shrewdness in the management of his property, and with careful supervision of all that his agents do. Mr. Astor is as much credited with building the Waldorf Hotel as though he had personally stood over its construction, and Mr. Bennett is as much credited with building the new *Herald* building and moving his newspapers up town, and with all the recent innovations in the management of his properties, including the owls that wink and the bronze automatons that strike the hour, as if he never had been farther from New York than Newport. No doubt there are Americans who conduct themselves quite as much like persons in the *Arabian Nights* or *Monte Cristo* as Mr. Bennett and Mr. Astor, but they are not so inseparably connected with large quasi-public interests as those gentlemen, and therefore are not so constantly present in the public mind. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Astor are interesting men, and no wonder. The man who does just as he darn pleases, and has abundant means to do it with, ought to be interesting to observers, even though he may often grow tiresome to himself.

The Rev. William Eliot Griffis is credited with the assertion, based on information and belief, that John Alden, the eminent Pilgrim, was an Irishman. He has written to the secretary of the American-Irish Historical Society, of which he is a member, about the Aldens, and says that he has reason to believe that they were a Norman family who settled in Ireland. His belief is strengthened by investigations which show a pronounced dearth of Aldens in England prior to the early part of the seventeenth century. The American-Irish Historical Society is going to investigate the Pilgrim Aldens further, and intends also to look up such other Pilgrims as the Mullinses, Martins, Standishes, Hopkinses, Williamses, Clarkes, and Robinsons, all of whom bear names that are familiar and distinguished in Ireland, and may possibly, after centuries of misapprehension, be relieved of the imputation of having derived from English forebears.

The Audubon Society of Massachusetts finds it so hard to arouse an adequate public sentiment against the fashion of wearing birds or bird feathers on hats that it wants a law passed in Massachusetts providing that whoever shall have in possession or wear feathers of birds whose killing is prohibited by statute in that State shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars. The demand for this measure is based ostensibly on the theory that fashion can get on without birds, but that agriculture cannot. Massachusetts, however, is much too conservative a community to permit its legislature to prescribe what sort of trimming its women may wear on their hats. The Audubon Society's purposes are excellent, but in this case it goes too far.

The newspapers abound in rumors of air-ships a-building from which great results are hoped for. The minds of inventors seem to be unusually busy with aeronautics. Experiments are going on all the time, and it is reasonable to suppose that information is accumulating which is valuable, and will some time be put to practical use. It does not appear, however, that as yet there is any ground for expecting to see within any definite period a flying-machine on which a man may cruise in the air. The stories about the appearance of flying-machines in the West, which some newspapers of fair reputation recently admitted in such numbers to their pages, have not been followed by material evidence of their truth, and we are justified in supposing that they were "fakes." Professor Langley's machine seems to have done as well as any air-ship so far. We know something about that because it has been described by its builder and by Dr. Bell, an expert scientific observer. But apparently it is the only air-ship in the country about which we have any information that is of value. Air-ship literature is amusing, but as yet it has only a doubtful claim to be important.

What fun the Seventh Regiment of New York failed to have in Boston must have been unwholesome or unavailable for special reasons. Of the fun it did have the narrative is long, spirited, and complex. It is twenty-two years since the Seventh last went to Boston, to the Bunker Hill centennial, and no doubt there are many men in the regiment now who were not born then. For a New York regiment to visit Boston once in a generation or so is a good plan. It is instructive and it is pleasant. No town can make it cheerfuler for visitors than Boston when she really tries.

It is questioned by many conservative parents whether young naval officers have any right to marry, but no ruling in the matter has yet been made by any authority having power to enforce it. The case of Ensign Stone, who wants to marry a lady whose father objects, having lately been called to the attention of the Navy Department, it is possible that the policy of the government in such cases may be disclosed. Ensign Stone, it seems, would not take No for an answer unless it came from the lady, and the lady in his case being apparently willing, he persisted so energetically in his matrimonial intentions that the unconsenting father entreated the department to call him off. The department, realizing presumably that the course of true love never runs smooth, promptly referred this parental application to the Board of Navigation, by which it was referred to Admiral Bunce of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, who summoned a board of inquiry, which duly inquired and made a report, which went back to Secretary Long. The Secretary is himself a humane and scholarly man, and has an assistant of large humanity and wide experience in contentions, and between them they will doubtless do what is right.

The most that the facts as at present disclosed warrant a commentator in saying is that the prejudice of parents against young naval officers is not wholly unnatural, and that it seems mistaken policy to deal with it with too peremptory an impatience. All things come to him who waits, especially in this country, where public opinion discountenances locking women up after they become of age.

When the tariff bill on which Secretary Gage assures us Congress is working with such patriotism and fidelity is passed, and the national finances have received all the attention that they need, and the times have at last mended so conspicuously that bad times can no longer avail as an excuse for everything, it will be highly interesting to learn what has been the effect of bicycles on business. Within the last four years, while almost all business has suffered more or less, some kinds of trade seem to have suffered a good deal more than others. The carriage-makers, the jewellers, and the furniture-dealers have been particularly vociferous in their lamentations, and all of them have laid much of the blame for their misfortunes on the bicycle. The carriage-makers have said that people bought bicycles and went without new carriages; the jewellers, that every lad who in former times had to have a watch had nowadays to have a bicycle, and if he could not have both a bicycle and a watch, he went without the watch; the furniture makers and dealers have been heard to complain that people spent so much of their time now out-of-doors on bicycles that they had lost much of their old-time interest in their homes, and caring less than formerly whether their dwellings were comfortable or not, bought only such furniture as was indispensable. Just how much basis there is to all these complaints is as yet uncertain. When times are bad people dispense with things which they can do without; and carriages, jewelry, and new furniture are all luxuries which are not essential to moderate comfort, and which people who are hard up do not buy. How far the diminished demand for these things is due to the diversion of money in the direction of the bicycles, and how far it is due to the absolute scarcity of funds, is yet to be ascertained. All we know about it is that the expenditure for bicycles has been enormous, and the expenditure for most other things has diminished.

While the evils of war are being illustrated in Cuba and in southeastern Europe, West Point gives a remarkable example of one of the evils of peace. It appears that for the graduating class of cadets in the Military Academy not one single vacancy in the army is waiting to be filled. The class is sixty-five strong, and it is likely to be a year and a half before all its members get their commissions. There have been fewer vacancies than usual in the army this year, and more appointments from the ranks than is usual. The general impression that nearly all the officers of the regular army are West Point graduates does not take note of the law that requires the recognition of enlisted men as candidates for commissions. The training of the service, it must be remembered, is a military training as well as that at the Military Academy, and some excellent officers have resulted from it.

Central Park is famous everywhere for its beauty, but it is possible that its immense usefulness to all classes of people is not fully appreciated. Many people who don't know it intimately think of it as a pleasure-ground of the well-to-do—a park whose drives are crowded in the afternoons with fine people in fine carriages, and to which the children of the more fortunate New-Yorkers go to walk and play. It is to be wished that people who have this notion of the Park might see it on the Saturdays in May, when the May parties crowd its lawns, litter its meadows with papers, and wear out its grass in their sports. They would see a great pleasure-ground given over to such a popular use as it would warm their hearts to watch. The fine people in the fine carriages are there, to be sure, but so are the other people, and especially the swarms of polyglot children from the great East Side, that stretches nowadays from Franklin Square clear up to Harlem River. On Sundays, too, especially in the spring, the Park swarms with children, and especially the children of the poor. There is no finer democratic institution in any city anywhere than Central Park.

The tribe of Shaw is sturdy and numerous in this country, and especially about Boston. It was noted in the Boston *Transcript* at the time of the dedication of the Shaw Monument that forty-six first cousins of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw are living, and that probably as many as thirty were present at the memorial ceremonies. The Robert Gould Shaw from whom all these cousins derive was of a Boston family, but was born in Maine in 1776. He was the father of eleven children, the eldest of whom, Francis George Shaw, was the father of Colonel Shaw. He was a participator in the Brook Farm experiment, and was known to readers as the translator of George Sand's *Consuelo*, and of various writings of Fourier and others. He moved from Boston to Staten Island in 1847, and died there in 1882. Among his children are the four sisters of Colonel Shaw—Mrs. George William Curtis, Mrs. Robert B. Minturn, Mrs. Francis C. Barlow, and Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, better known as Josephine Shaw Lowell. The family connection of the Shaws is something to make a genealogist's eyes glisten, and to inspire interest in the mind of any one who knows American history, and veneration in any mind that knows and cares for Boston. The last surviving son of the original Robert Gould Shaw is Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, a distinguished citizen of Boston. He married a daughter of Louis Agassiz, and a niece of his is the wife of Alexander Agassiz. Great people are the Shaws, and it may reasonably be claimed for them that when the young colonel fell at Fort Wagner he was acting out the impulses that ran in his blood. Mr. Thomas F. Bayard said in Boston the other day that disinterested public service was what was most needed at present in this country. That the Shaws have rendered in surprising measure, and many of them, as was natural, have intermarried with persons of the same public-spirited instinct. The result is a family record that is exceedingly notable.

Now that Greeks and Turks are busily engaged in renewing armistices while the concert of Europe is tuning up, public attention, for the time diverted from Cuba, turns again to that suffering island. The articles and illustrations by Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., the WEEKLY'S correspondent, have given its readers the most interesting and valuable information that had yet been published concerning the condition of the insurgent forces in the field. From his accounts one might judge that the life of the insurgent is a free and easy one, with little to do, and little to wear, perhaps, but with enough to eat, and a spice of danger to give it an interest. And such it is in the unpacified provinces.

But the recent contribution of Mr. Stephen Bonsal reveals the fact that there is another side to the picture, and that in the so-called "pacified" provinces Spain is carrying on a policy of starvation and extermination against the Cubans without a parallel in the history of civilized nations. Mr. Bonsal in his visits to the *reconcentrados*, as those pacificos are called who have been driven inside the Spanish lines, has witnessed so much suffering and misery that he has felt moved to write a book about *The Real Condition of Cuba To-day*. It will be published by Harper & Brothers almost contemporaneously with this number of the WEEKLY. Mr. Bonsal has been Secretary of Legation in Madrid, and went to Cuba as correspondent for the New York *Herald*.

Julian Hawthorne tells an exceedingly pitiful story about the famine in India. His estimate of the number that have died from it is 8,500,000. It would seem that so huge a mortality would in itself afford a dreadful sort of relief, but the population of British India is given as over 287,000,000, which makes 8,000,000 persons more or less seem inconsiderable. The best way to help starving India, according to Mr. Hawthorne, is to send money to the missionaries. "They are all doing good," he says, —"all the Christian missionaries, including all sects. Food is hoarded in the country, and the starving ones only need money to save their lives." He thinks the distribution of money by missionaries is the most honest and efficient that has been attempted.

One of the things they have always managed better in France has been the "installation" of public statues. To put the figure of a hero in bronze, set him on a pedestal, and expose him to the weather has been our simple custom. In France, on the other hand, the portrait-statue becomes a "monument," and the architectural accessories are as necessary parts of it and receive as careful attention as the figure itself. Of late years there has been a marked improvement in this country in the direction of the French method, and now a sculptor would scarcely venture to expose his work without taking counsel of an architect as to its setting. Our latest two accessions in sculpture, the memorial to Robert Shaw in Boston and the statue to Peter Cooper in New York, have been especially fortunate in this respect. The sculptor is the same in both cases, Mr. St.-Gaudens, and in both he has availed himself of the services of the same architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White. The Shaw memorial presented a difficult problem, since the form it took was what would ordinarily be treated as a mural tablet, and yet it was to be set up out-of-doors and by itself. The architectural frame is effective, and with the aid of it the sculptor's work becomes the centre of a pretty and appropriate construction. The seated figure of Peter Cooper is protected and framed by a simple "cover," a pair of columns and entablature, which gives completeness to the statue, and adds much to its decorative value. Henceforth it ought to be the rule that a statue is not completed when the figure is cast, nor even when it is set up on a moulded stone. E. S. MARTIN.

AN OFFICER OF THE ESCOLTA.

SOLDIERS UNDER GOMEZ.

SCOUT SIGHTING THE SPANISH SOLDIERS.

THE VICTORIA REGIMENT OF SIXTY MEN TEMPORARILY CHECKING THE ADVANCE OF TWO THOUSAND SPANISH SOLDIERS.

ONE OF GOMEZ'S SCOUTS.

AN AMBUSH.

TROOPER CROSSING A SAVANNA.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—THE BATTLE OF LA MAJAGUA.

From Photographs by Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., our Special Correspondent.—[See Page 582.]

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A STRANGER passing Abel Edwards's house the day after his return might have gotten the impression that one of the functions of village life—a wedding or a funeral—was going on there. From morning until late at night the people came down the road, wading through the snow, the men with trousers tucked into boots, the women with yarn stockings over their shoes, their arms akimbo, pinning their kilted petticoats to their hips. Many drove there in sleighs, tilting to the drifts. The Edwards barn and door-yard were crowded with teams.

All the relatives who had come fourteen years before to Abel Edwards's funeral came now to his resurrection. They had gotten the news of it in such strange, untraceable ways that it seemed almost like mental telegraphy. The Greens of Westbrook were there—the three little girls in blue now women grown. One of them came with her husband and baby, another with a blushing lout of a lad to whom she was betrothed, and the third with a meek blue eye on the watch for a possible lover in the company. The Lawson sisters, from Granby, arrived early in the day, being conveyed thither by an obliging neighbor. Amelia Stokes rode to Upham on the butcher's wagon, in lieu of another conveyance, and her journey was a long one, necessitating hot ginger tea and the toasting of her slim feet at the fire upon her arrival. Amelia was clad in mourning for her old mother, who had died the year before. At intervals she wept furtively, incited to grief by recollections of her mother which the place and occasion awakened.

"Every once in a while it comes over me how poor mother relished them hot biscuits and that tea at your funeral," she whispered softly to Abel, who smiled with childlike serenity in response.

All day Abel sat in state, which was, however, intensified in the afternoon by a new suit of clothes, which Jerome had purchased in Dale. As soon as Jerome returned with it he was hustled into the bedroom with his father.

"Get your father into 'em, quick, before anybody else comes," said Ann Edwards. She was dressed in her best, and Elmira had further adorned her with a little worked lace kerchief of her own, fastened at the bosom with a sprig of rose-geranium leaves and blossoms. Ann had confined herself to her chair since arising that morning. She made no allusion to her walking the night before, and seemed to expect assistance as usual.

"Do you suppose mother can't walk this morning?" Elmira whispered to Jerome.

"Hush," he replied; "don't bother her with it unless she speaks of it herself. I have a book which gives instances of people recovering under strong excitement, and then going back to where they were before. I don't believe mother can walk or she would."

Ann Edwards and Abel sat side by side on the sofa in the parlor, and the visitors came and greeted them, with a curious manner, which had in it not so much of the joy of greeting as of awe and a solemn perplexity. Always after shaking hands with the united couple they whispered furtively to one another that Abel Edwards was much changed; they would scarcely have known him. Yet with their simple understandings they could not have defined the change which they recognized plainly enough, for it lay not so much in form and feature as in character. Abel Edwards's hair was white; he was somewhat fuller in his face, but otherwise he was little altered, so far as mere physical characteristics went. The change in him was subtler. Jerome had noticed it the night before, and it was evidently a permanent condition. Abel Edwards, from being a reserved man, with the self-containment of one who is buffeted by unfair odds of fate, yet will not stoop to vain appeals, but holds always to the front his face of dumb dissent and purpose, was become a garrulous and happy child. People hinted that Abel Edwards's mind was affected, but it was a question whether that was the case, or whether it was the simple result of his abandonment, fourteen years before, of the reins which had held his original nature in check. He might possibly have merely, when renouncing his toil over the up-grade of life, slipped back to his first estate, and thus have experienced in one sense no change at all.

Many of Abel's old friends and neighbors were not fully convinced of the desirability of his reappearance. When a man has been out of his foothold in the crowd for fourteen years, he cannot regain it without undue jostling of people's shoulders, and prejudices even. The resurrection of the dead for their nearest and dearest might have, if the truth were told, uncomfortable and perplexing features, and Abel Edwards had been practically dead and buried.

"They were gettin' along real well before he come; of course they're glad to see him, but I dun'no' whether they'll get along as well with him or not," proclaimed Mrs. Green of Westbrook with the very aggressiveness of frankness, and many looked assent.

Abel's wife had no question in her inmost heart of her utter blessedness at his return; but her grief at his loss had never healed. For that resolute feminine soul, which had fought on in spite of it, her husband had died anew every morning of those fourteen years when she awoke to consciousness of life, but it was different with his children. For both of them the old wounds had closed; it was now like tearing them asunder, for it is often necessary to revive an old pain to fully appreciate a present joy. Had Jerome and Elmira been older at the time of their father's disappearance it would have been otherwise; but as it was their old love for him had been obliterated, not merely by time and absence, but by growth. It was practically impossible, though they would not have owned it to themselves, for them to love their father when he first returned as they had used. They were painfully anxious to be utterly faithful, and had an odd sort of tender but imaginative pity toward him, but they could grasp no more. Both of them hesitated when they said father; every time they returned home and found him there, it was with a sensation of surprise.

Three days after Abel Edwards's return came one of the severest rain-storms ever known in Upham. The storm began before light. When people first looked out in the morning their windows were glazed with streaming wet, but it did not reach its full fury until eleven o'clock in the morning. Then the rain fell in green and hissing sheets.

"Gorry!" Martin Cheeseman said, looking out of the mill door, which seemed to open into a solid wall of water, "looks as if the great deep was turned upside down overhead. If it keeps on this way long, there'll be mischief."

"Think there'll be danger to the mill?" Jerome asked, quickly.

"No, I guess not; it's built strong; but I wouldn't resk the solid airth long under Niagry. Where you goin'?"

"Down to Robinson's store. I want to get something."

"Well, I should think you were half-witted to go out in this soak if you could keep a roof over your head," cried Cheeseman; but Jerome was gone.

He bought strong rope at Robinson's store, and before night the mill was anchored to some stout trees and one great granite bowlder. Cheeseman helped grumblingly. "I shall get laid up with rheumatiz out of it," he said, "an' this rain can't keep on—it ain't in natur', out of the Old Testament."

But the rain continued all that day and night and the next day with almost unremitting fury. At times it seemed more than rain—there were liquid shafts reaching from earth to sky. By noon of the second day half the cellars in the village were flooded; coops floated in slatted wrecks over the fields; the roads were knee-deep in certain parts; the horses drew back—it was like fording a stream. People began to be alarmed.

"If this keeps on an hour longer there'll be the devil to pay," Squire Eben Merritt said when he came home to dinner. He had been down to Lawyer Means's and crossed the Graystone brook, which was now a swollen river.

"What will happen?" asked Abigail.

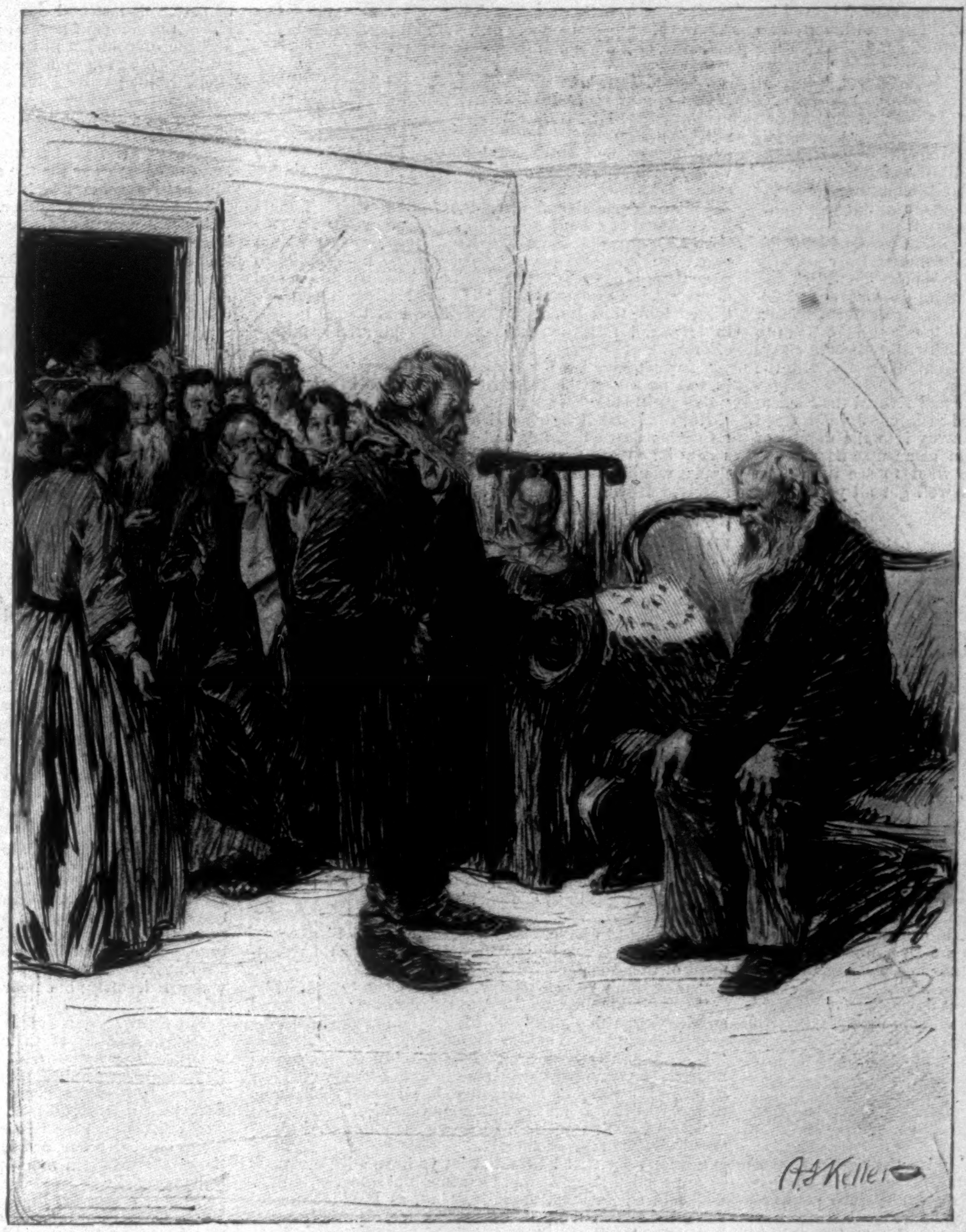
"Happen? The Main Street bridge will go, and the saw-mill, and the Lord knows what else."

Lucina turned pale.

"It will be hard on Jerome if he loses his mill," said her mother.

"Well, the boy will lose it if it keeps on," returned the Squire. "He's working hard with four men to help him; they're loading it with stones and anchoring it with ropes, but it can't stand much more. I miss my guess if the foundations are not undermined now."

Lucina said not a word, but as soon as she could she slipped up stairs to her chamber and prayed that her Heavenly Father would save poor Jerome's mill, and stop the rain; but it kept on raining. When Lucina heard the fierce dash of it on her window-pane, like an angry dissent to her petition, she prayed more fervently, sobbing softly in the whiteness of her maiden bed; still it rained.



"ALL DAY ABEL SAT IN STATE."

The mighty body of snow, pierced in a thousand places by the rain as by liquid fingers, settled with inconceivable rapidity. Great drifts which had slanted to the tops of north windows twelve hours before were almost gone. The great snow banks of the fields were all honeycombed and glistening here and there in pools. The trees dropped with clots of melting snow; there were avalanches from the village roofs, and even in the houses was heard the roar of the brook. It was, however, no longer a brook, not even a river, but a torrent. It overspread its banks on either side. Forest trees stood knee-deep in it; their branches swept it. At three o'clock Jerome's mill was surrounded, though on one side by only a rippling shallow of water. He had had plenty of helpers all day, for if his dam and mill went, there was danger to the Main Street bridge. Now they had all taken advantage of the last firm footing and left the mill. They had joined a watching group on a rise of ground beyond the flood. The rain was slacking somewhat, and half the male portion of the village seemed assembled watching for the possible destruction of the mill. Now and then came a hoarse shout across the swelling water to Jerome. He alone remained in his mill, standing by the great door that overlooked the dam and the falls. He was high above it, but the spray wet his face. The great yellow flood came

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

leaping tumultuously over the dam, and rebounding in wild fountains of spray. Trees came with it and joists; a bridge somewhere above had gone. Strange uncanny wreckage, which could not be defined, bobbed on the torrent and took the plunge of annihilation over the dam. Every now and then came a cry and a groan of doubt from the watchers, who thought this or that might be a drowned man.

Besides the thundering rush of the water, there were other sounds which Jerome seemed to hear with all his nervous system. The mill hummed with awful musical vibrations; it strained and creaked like a ship at sea.

The hoarse shouts from the shore for him to leave the mill came oftener, but he paid no heed. He was on the other side, and knew nothing of a sudden commotion among the people when Jake Noyes came dashing through the trees and calling for Doctor Prescott, who had joined them some half-hour before.

"Come quick, for God's sake!" he shouted. "You're wanted on the other side of the brook, and the bridge will be down and you'll have to go ten miles round. Colonel Lamson is down with apoplexy."

Jerome did not know when the doctor followed Noyes hurriedly out to the road where his team was waiting, and Squire Eben Merritt went at a run after them, shouting back, "Don't let that boy stay in that mill too long; see to it, some of you."

There came a great barn roof down stream, followed by a tossing wake of hay and straw. The crowd on shore groaned. It broke when it passed the falls, and so the danger to the bridge below was averted; but a heavy beam slewed sidewise as it passed the mill, and struck it. The mill quivered in every beam, and the floor canted like the deck of a vessel. Martin Cheeseman rushed in and caught Jerome roughly by the arm. "For God's sake, what ye up to?" he shouted above the roar of the water. "Come along with ye. She's goin'!"

The old man had a rope tied about his middle. Jerome followed him unresistingly, and they crossed almost waist-deep, and in danger of being swept from their foothold by the current. Cheeseman kept tight hold of Jerome's arm. "Bear up," he said in a hoarse whisper, as they struggled out of the water. "Life's more'n a mill."

"It's more than a mill that's going down," replied Jerome in a dull monotone which Cheeseman did not hear. There were plenty of outstretched hands to help them to the shore. The men pressed around with rude sympathy.

"It's darned hard luck," one and another said, with the defiant emphasis of an oath.

Then they turned from Jerome and riveted their attention upon the mill, which swayed visibly. Jerome stood apart, his back turned, looking away into the depths of the dripping woods. Cheeseman came up and slapped his shoulder hard. "Don't ye want to see it go?" he cried. "It's a sight. Might as well get all ye can out of it."

Jerome shook his head.

"Ye'd better. I tell ye it's a sight. I've seen three go in my lifetime, an' one of 'em was my own. Lord! I looked on with the rest. Might as well get all the fun you can out of your own funeral. Hullo! There, there goes the dam, an'—there goes the mill!"

There was a wild chorus of shouts and groans. Jerome's mill went reeling down stream, but he did not see it. He had heard the new spouting roar of water and the crash, and knew what it meant, but look he would not.

"Ye missed it," said Cheeseman.

Some of the men came up and wrung his hand hurriedly, then were off into the crowd to see the Main Street bridge go. Jerome sat down weakly on a pile of sodden logs which the flood had not reached.

Cheeseman stared at him. "What on airth are you settin' down there for?" he asked.

"I'm going pretty soon," Jerome replied.

"You'll catch your death settin' there in those wet clothes. Come, git up and go home."

Jerome did not stir; his white face was set straight ahead. He muttered something which the other could not hear. Cheeseman looked at him perplexedly. He laid hold of his shoulder and shook him again, and ordered him angrily, with no avail; then set off himself. He was old, and the chill of his wet clothes was stealing through him.

Not long afterward Jerome went down the road toward home. Half-way there he met a hurrying man, belated for the tragic drama on the village stage.

"Hullo!" he called, excitedly. "Your mill gone?"

"Yes."

"Dam gone?"

"Yes."

"Gosh! Bridge gone?"

"Don't know."

"Gosh! If I ain't quick I'll miss the whole show," cried the man, with a spurt ahead; but after all, he stopped a moment and looked back curiously at Jerome plodding down the flooded road, his weary figure bent stiffly with the slant of his own dejectedness athwart the pelting slant of the storm.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Jerome, when his mill went down, felt that his dearest hope in life went with it. His fighting spirit did not fail him; he had not the least inclination to settle back for the buffets of fate; but the combat henceforth would be for honor only, not victory. He felt that his defeats had established themselves in an endless ratio to his efforts.

"I shall go to work again, and save up money for a new mill. I shall build it after a long while; but something will always happen to put me back, and I shall never marry her," he told himself.

Had he the money with which he had made good his father's loss, he could have rebuilt in a short time, but he did not consider the possibility of taking that and, perhaps, supplementing it by a loan from his father. "It would break the old man's heart to touch his money," he said, "and the mill might go again, and it would all be lost."

On the morning after the destruction of his mill, Squire Eben Merritt came to Jerome's door, and gave him a daintily folded little note. "Lucina sent this to you," he said, and eyed him with a sort of sad keenness as he took it and thanked him in a bewildered fashion, his haggard face reddening.

The Squire himself looked as if he had passed a sleepless night, his fresh color had faded, his face was elongated.

"I'm sorry enough about your loss, my boy," he said, "but I can't say as much as I might, or feel as much as I might, if my old friend hadn't gone down in—a deeper flood." The Squire's voice broke. Jerome looked away from his working face. He had scarcely, in his own selfishness of loss, grasped the news of Colonel Lamson's death, which had taken place before the bridge went down and before the doctor arrived. He muttered something vaguely sympathetic in response. Lucina's little letter seemed to burn his fingers.

The Squire dashed his hand across his eyes, coughed hard, then glanced at the letter. "Lucina has been talking to her mother," he said, abruptly. "It seems the—Colonel Lamson had told her something that you said to him. We didn't know how matters stood. By-and-by you and I will have a talk. Don't be too down-hearted over the mill—there's more than one way out of that difficulty. In the mean time, there's her letter—I've read it. She's cried all night because your damned mill has gone, and looks sick enough to call the doctor this morning, and, by the Lord Harry! sir, you can think yourself a lucky fellow!" With that the Squire shook his head fiercely and strode down the path with bowed shoulders. Jerome went up stairs with his letter.

"What did the Squire want?" his mother called, but he did not heed her.

It was his first letter from Lucina. He opened it and read; there were only a few delicately formed lines, but for him they were as finely cut, with all possible lights of meaning, as a diamond:

"Dear Friend" [wrote Lucina],—"I beg you to accept my sympathy in the disaster which has befallen your property, and I implore you not to be disheartened, and not to consider me unmaidenly for signing myself your ever faithful and constant friend, through all the joys or vicissitudes of life. Lucina Merritt."

This letter, modelled after the fashion which Lucina had learned at school, whereby she bound and laced over with set words and phrases, as with a species of emotional stays, her love and pity, not considering it decorous to give them full breath, filled Jerome with happiness and despair. He understood that Colonel Lamson had betrayed him, that Lucina, all unasked, had bound herself in love and faithfulness to him through all his failing efforts.

"I won't have it—I won't have it!" he muttered, fiercely, but he kissed the little letter with exulting rapture. "I've got this much, anyhow," he thought.

He wondered if he should answer it. How could he refuse her dear constancy and affection, yet how could he accept it? He had no hope of marrying her; he reasoned that it would be better for her should he even repulse her rudely. It would be like screwing the rack for his own body to do that, but he declared to himself that he ought. "She'll never marry at all, if she waits for you; it'll hinder her looking at somebody else; she'll be an old maid, she'll be all alone in the world, with no husband or children, and you know it," he told himself, with a kind of mental squaring of his own fists in his face. All the time, with the curious, dogmatic selfishness which has sometimes its roots in unselfishness itself, he never considered the effect upon poor Lucina of the repulse of her love and constancy. Such was his ardor for unselfishness that, in its pursuit, he would have made all others selfish nor cared.

That day the sun shone in a bright, windy sky. The snow was nearly gone, the brook still leaped in a furious torrent, but there was no more danger from it. The waters were, in fact, receding slowly. Jerome worked all day near the ruinous site of his mill, and Martin Cheeseman with him. He had a quantity of logs and lumber, which had escaped the flood, to care for. Cheeseman inquired if he was going to rebuild the mill.

"When I get money enough," Jerome replied, with a sturdy fling of a log.

"'Ain't ye got most enough?"

"No."

"Ye ought to have. What ye done with it?"

"Put it to a good use," Jerome said, with no resentment of the other's curiosity.

"Why don't ye hire money, if ye 'ain't got enough?"

"I don't hire money," answered Jerome, and heaved another log with a splendid swing from his shoulders.

Cheeseman looked at him doubtfully. "Well," he said, "I 'ain't got none to hire. I've got my money out of mills on the banks of roarin' streams, an' I'm goin' to keep it out. I believe in Providence, but I don't believe in temptin' of it. I 'ain't got no money to hire."

"And I don't want to hire, so we sha'n't quarrel about that," Jerome replied, shortly.

"I don't say that I wouldn't let ye have a little money, if you needed it, an' it was for somethin' safe for both of us," said Cheeseman, uneasily, "but, as I said before, I don't believe in temptin' of Providence, especially when it seems set agin you."

"I am not going to shirk any blame off on to Providence," Jerome responded, scornfully. "It was Stimson's weak dam up above."

"Mebbe the dam was weak, but Providence took advantage of it," insisted Cheeseman, who, in spite of his cheerful temperament, had a gloomy theology. "I'd like to know why ye think your mill went down. Do ye think ye done anything to deserve it?" he said, further, in an argumentative tone.

"If I thought I had, I'd do it again," Jerome returned, and went off to a distant pile of lumber out of sound of Cheeseman's voice.

He felt a proud sensitiveness, almost a shame, over his calamity, which he would have been at a loss to explain. All day long, when men came to view the scene of disaster, he tried to avoid them. He shrank in spirit even from their sympathy.

"No worse for me than for anybody else," he would reply, when told repeatedly, with gruff condolence, that it was hard luck. His sensitiveness might have arisen from some hereditary taint from his orthodox ancestors of their belief that misfortune is the whip-lash for sin, or from his native resentment of pity. At home he could not talk of it either with his mother or Elmira; as for his father, he sat in the sun and dozed. It was doubtful if he fully realized what had happened.

Jerome worked in the woods that day until after dark; when he went home he found that the Squire had been there with a request for him to be one of the bearers at the Colonel's funeral. That was considered a post of melancholy honor, and his mother looked sadly important over it.

"I s'pose as long as the poor Colonel is gone himself, an' there's only three left that he used to be so intimate with, that they thought you would be a good one," said she.

"It is strange they did not ask some one nearer his age," Jerome said, wonderingly.

The funeral was appointed for the next afternoon. Jerome sat in the parlor of the Means house with the mourners, who were few, as the dead man had no kin in Upham. Indeed, there was nobody except his three old friends, his housekeeper, and Abigail Merritt and Lucina.

Jerome did not look at Lucina, nor she at him; as the service went on, he heard her weeping softly. The minister, Solomon Wells, standing near the black length of the coffin, lifted his voice in eulogy of the dead. The parlor doorway and that of the room beyond were set with faces straining with attention.

The minister's voice was weak; every now and then people looked inquiringly at one another, and there were fine hisses of interrogation. This parlor of the Means house had never been used since the time of the lawyer's mother. Women had been hard at work there all day, but still there was over everything a dim, filmy effect, as of petrified dust and damp. A great pier-glass loomed out of the gloom of a wall like a sheet of fog, with scarcely a gleam of gold left in its tarnished frame. The steel engravings over the mantel-shelf and between the windows showed blue hazes of mildew. The mahogany and rosewood of the furniture were white in places; there had been a good fire all day, but all the covers and the carpet steamed in one's face with cold damp. However, scarcely a woman in Upham but would have been willing to be a legitimate mourner for the sake of investigating the mysterious best room, which had had a certain glory in the time of the lawyer's mother.

A great wreath of white flowers lay on the coffin. Its breathless sweetness clung to the nostrils and seemed to fill the whole house. Now and then a curl of pungent smoke floated from the door cracks of the air-tight stove. All the high-lights in the room were the silver of the coffin trimmings and the white wreath.

Solomon Wells had a difficult task. The popular opinion of Colonel Jack Lamson in Upham was that he had led a hard life, and had hastened his end by strong drink. He could neither tell the commonly accepted truth out of respect to the deceased, nor lies out of regard to morality. However, one favorable point in the character of the deceased, upon which people were agreed, was his geniality and bluff heartiness of good-humor. That the minister so enlarged and displayed to the light of admiration that he almost made of it the aureole of a saint. He was obliged then to take refuge in the broad field of generalities, and discourse upon his text of "All flesh is as grass," until his hearers might well lose sight of the importance of any individual flicker of a grass-blade to this wind or that before the ultimate end of universal hay.

Solomon Wells was not a brilliant man, but he had a fine instinct for other people's corns and prejudices. Everybody agreed that his remarks were able; there were no dissenting voices. He concluded with an apt and solemnly impressive reference to the wheat and the chaff, the garnering and the casting into furnace, leaving the application concerning the deceased wholly to his audience. That completed his success. When he sat down there was a heaving sigh of applause.

All through the discourse, the hymns, and the concluding prayer Lucina sobbed softly at intervals, her face hidden in her cambric handkerchief. Somehow it went to her tender soul that the poor Colonel should be lying there with no wife or child to mourn him; then she had loved him, as she had loved everybody and everything that had come kindly into her life. Every time she thought of the corals and the beautiful ear-rings which the Colonel had given her she wept afresh. Moreover, the motive for tears is always complex; hers may have been intensified somewhat by her anxiety about her lover and his misfortune. Now and then her mother touched her arm remonstratingly. "Hush; you'll make yourself sick, child," she whispered, softly; but poor Lucina was helpless before her grief.

The Squire, John Jennings, and Lawyer Means all sat by the dead body of their friend, with pale and sternly downcast faces. Jerome looked scarcely less sad. He remembered as he sat there every kind word which the Colonel had ever spoken to him, and every one seemed magnified a thousandfold. This call to lend his living strength towards the bearing of the dead man to his last home seemed like a call to a labor of love and gratitude, though he was still much perplexed that he should have been selected.

"There's Doctor Prescott and Cyrus Robinson and Uncle Ozias—any one of them nearer his own age," he thought. It was not until the next day but one that the mystery was solved. That night Lawyer Eliphalet Means came to see Jerome, and informed him that the Colonel had left a will, whereby he was entitled to a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars.

[to be continued.]

THEIR CURRENTS TURNED AWRY.

In Colorado and other so-called arid regions where farming has been made possible by irrigation the development of agriculture depends not upon the amount of arable land, but upon the water-supply; and as farming by irrigation has been proved to be a profitable enterprise, the best engineering minds are at present engaged upon the problem of increasing the amount of water available for irrigation purposes. The early settlers took up the bottom-lands along the rivers, which could be irrigated by small ditches; then came the corporations, who constructed hundreds of miles of canals through the table-lands, the soils of which, contrary to a preconceived idea, were found to be much better adapted to agriculture than the bottom-lands. This fact having been established, there followed a scramble for irrigable lands, as well as for water to irrigate them. The water in the streams flowing eastward in Colorado were long since appropriated, and the court dockets are filled with the records of litigations over the priority of water rights. In many of the ditches of later date water rights have

been sold far in excess of those possessed by the company issuing them. Consequently there is annually a shortage of water in sections, a loss of crops, and ruin to the farmer. In order to prevent the recurrence of this loss, various schemes have been devised to secure a larger water-supply. The most successful of these has been the construction of reservoirs for the storing of water that would otherwise run to waste. These reservoirs are located both in the mountains and upon the plains. Those in the mountains are constructed by building dams in the natural beds of the streams, and thereby holding large bodies of water in reserve for use during the irrigating season, when the water is gradually drawn off, taken down the natural bed of the stream, and diverted at the head-gates of the canals owned by the companies that constructed the reservoirs.

The most popular mode of storing water is by means of reservoirs located upon the plains in the midst of the lands that are under irrigation. Natural basins are chartered by irrigation companies; adjacent lands purchased if any are needed for reservoir purposes; dams, dikes, supply-ditches, and wasteways constructed in their order. These reservoirs are filled during the fall and winter seasons or in the early spring, when there are no crops that require moisture. Water is conducted from the natural streams through the irrigating canals to the supply-ditches of the reservoirs, and turned thence into the reservoirs. Many of these reservoirs are veritable lakes, holding millions of cubic feet of water when filled to their greatest capacity, and furnish in many cases fishing and pleasure grounds for summer picnickers.

The water from these reservoirs is not always turned into the ditches and laterals of the companies constructing them, for the reason that such a thing would be impossible, the reservoirs being on a lower level than the ditches. In such cases water is exchanged with companies whose ditches are on a lower level than the reservoirs, and the companies owning the reservoirs are permitted to take an amount of water equal to that drawn from the reservoirs from the natural bed of the stream at their head-gates. This exchange is made under the supervision of the water commissioner of the district, a functionary appointed by the Governor of the State, and clothed with plenary powers. The facilities for supplying these reservoirs with water, however, have not been fully perfected. The most advantageous season for filling them is in the time of high water; but this comes in the irrigating season, when the ditches are taxed to their utmost capacity to carry water to be immediately utilized upon the land, and yet have not the capacity to convey all the available water that is flowing down the streams. This difficulty will no doubt be obviated by the enlargement of the ditches already in use, or the construction of other ditches to be used exclusively in supplying the reservoirs. The utility of the reservoirs is also observed in the holding of water for late irrigation. Many crops, including potatoes, are not usually in condition for irrigation during the spring floods; and when they are ready to receive water, the floods are over, and the supply of water from the streams far inadequate to the demand. Then the waste-gates of the reservoirs are raised and the late crops are watered.

Another and a later plan for securing an additional water-supply is the diverting of water from one watershed to another, and from streams whose waters have not all been appropriated. This plan comprehends nothing less than the appropriating from the Pacific-slope water to supply a deficiency on the Atlantic slope, or of drawing water from the Grand River in Colorado to supply the farmers of the Cache la Poudre Valley with water for their crops, or *vice versa*. The practical application of this scheme may be seen in the diversion of water from the head of the Big Laramie River, that has its rise in Larimer County, Colorado, and flows northward and empties into the North Platte River, to the head of the Cache la Poudre River, which has its rise in the same county, but flows in an easterly direction, and empties into the South Platte. This feat has been accomplished by a company which owns a large system of irrigating ditches and reservoirs in the Cache la Poudre Valley. Both the Big Laramie and Cache la Poudre rivers have their sources in the Medicine Bow Range of the Rocky Mountains, in the neighborhood of Clarks and Camerons peaks. These peaks rise some thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, and are never entirely devoid of snow; and when the warm rays of the spring-time sun begin to beat upon their rugged sides, the snow and ice melts and fills all the streams with rushing torrents. The Big Laramie flows northward into Wyoming, where irrigation is not so far developed as in Colorado; consequently its waters have not all been appropriated. The engineers found that by intercepting one of its upper tributaries at an altitude of 9500 feet above sea-level, quite a generous flow of this unappropriated water could be conducted, by the construction of a ditch around the steep sides of Clarks Peak, and turned into Chambers Lake, a tributary of the Cache la Poudre.

Many difficulties, however, were encountered in the construction of this alpine canal. In the first place, the seasons are short in that altitude, and the work of construction could not be continued longer than the first of December, on account of cold weather, the snow falling at frequent intervals, and the ground freezing so that excavation could not be prosecuted. Again, the ditch must needs be constructed in many places along the steep side of the mountain, where the entire work was liable to slide out or the ditch be filled with débris from a landslide from above. In other places it must be built through heavy timber; in others still through solid rock. At one point it was found necessary to tunnel for a distance of 100 feet through solid rock, and at another point a flume 400 feet in length carried the ditch across a deep depression in the mountain-side. For a great distance it was found necessary to build log curbing to sustain the outer bank of the ditch and to prevent its sliding down the mountain-side.

But all these difficulties were overcome, and the ditch is now in successful operation. It is five miles in length, ten feet wide on the bottom, and from twelve to fifteen feet wide on top. At its upper end it has a carrying capacity of 242 cubic feet of water per second, and at the lower end of 400 cubic feet of water per second, and has a decreased capacity of 400 cubic feet per second. The reason for a gradual increase in the size of the ditch as the lower end is approached is that there are various small mountain streams that discharge their waters into it at different points along its length.

The ditch is in charge of a superintendent and a crew of men for nine months in the year—that is, from March until December—and is patrolled daily and watched with the greatest care; for a leak might cause a break, and a break might carry out hundreds of cubic yards of earthwork and make the ditch practically useless for days and days in the most critical season. During the summer months heavy showers of rain and cloud-bursts are frequent in these higher altitudes, when water comes pouring down the mountain-sides in tons. To obviate the danger of a break on account of a flood of water an automatic wasteway was invented. This is so arranged that water rising beyond a certain depth in the ditch lifts the waste-gate and relieves the strain on the banks of the ditch.

From Chambers Lake this captive flood flows down the natural course of the Cache la Poudre for fifty miles, through cañons and gorges, and is then diverted into the Larimer County ditch, an immense canal seventy-one miles in length, twenty feet wide at the bottom and thirty at the top. It was constructed at a cost of $200,000, and waters 30,000 acres of land. Connected with this ditch is a system of six storage reservoirs, having a combined capacity of over six hundred million cubic feet of water. It is for the purpose of supplying water for this ditch and these great reservoirs that the water from the Big Laramie is turned over from the range and does duty in a section of country far different from that which nature intended it should. Still to further increase its water-supply, this company has in contemplation a similar undertaking, which is nothing less than the diversion of the water from the head of the Grand River—whose natural flow is southwestward down the Pacific slope into the Colorado River and thence to the Pacific Ocean—over the continental divide to the South Fork of the Cache la Poudre, and thence to its system of canals and lakes upon the plains.

H. A. CRAFTS.

SOME GLIMPSES AT PARIS.

PARIS, *May 19.*

THERE is great danger to one who writes about an unaccustomed city that he will accept it at its own valuation, or apparent valuation, and will therefore fail to appreciate its worth. And this is especially true of the intellectual relations that must subsist between an American or an Englishman and the capital of the Latin race, for it is because Paris is essentially Latin that it is fugacious to the English-thinking mind; so that the English-thinking mind is likely to be deceived if it undertakes to judge the Parisian conscience, Parisian *morale*, and Parisian intelligence by what it sees and hears in the Parisian streets or reads in the Parisian journals. In very truth, it seems to be the sport of the Parisian to baffle and elude the serious visitor from London or America—to conceal the truth from him, to shut him out of his heart and his inmost mind—and so he charges the stranger prices for his food and raiment that have little relation to the real cost of living in Paris, and denies by his acts and in his literature and on his stage that he has any love of home or any domestic or personal virtues. Sometimes one comes across a Parisian who reveals to you that the talk and deeds of the streets and the books and the journals are not coolly calculated for the deception of unwary Teutonic sojourners in the home of the volcanic Gauls, but are the sprightly flights of quick and nervous imaginations, the volatile essays often beginning somewhat experimentally, but remaining prepossessions, or obsessions if you like, on account of pride of opinion—or vanity, if you prefer.

So it is with the notion—they call it a principle here—that marriage is an institution which the Parisians have outgrown, and that the real thing, the modern thing, is what they denominate the *union libre*. In America we call it free-love, and regard it as immoral. In Paris the American is told that it is "our manner of life," and you are expected to accept it as the right manner of life because it is Parisian. And yet, after listening to an eloquent gentleman, aided by his wife, both of whom approved of the *union libre*, and both of whom assured me that he or she, as the case might be, would bow obediently before any transport of passion that might sweep the other into a new alliance, I was surprised to learn that the man of the household refrained from even calling on another woman lest his wife might be pained—an apprehension that may justify prevailing notions of French frailty, but that will not sustain confidence in the theory that the pretended "manner of life" has yet created a domestic atmosphere which is the breath of French domesticity.

On the whole, it is well to take French literature and the French stage with a good deal of questioning as to their true relations with French life, and as to the truth of their interpretation of French character. Indeed, the more one sees of the Parisian stage or reads of modern Parisian literature, the more one is inclined to believe Madame Adam's assertion that they do not reflect French life. One is the more inclined to accept this judgment of the lady who is so much in the habit of laying down the law to contemporaneous France, because, especially if one is American or English, one is convinced that if French literature be true to life, and should remain true, say, for three generations, the French race would cease to exist.

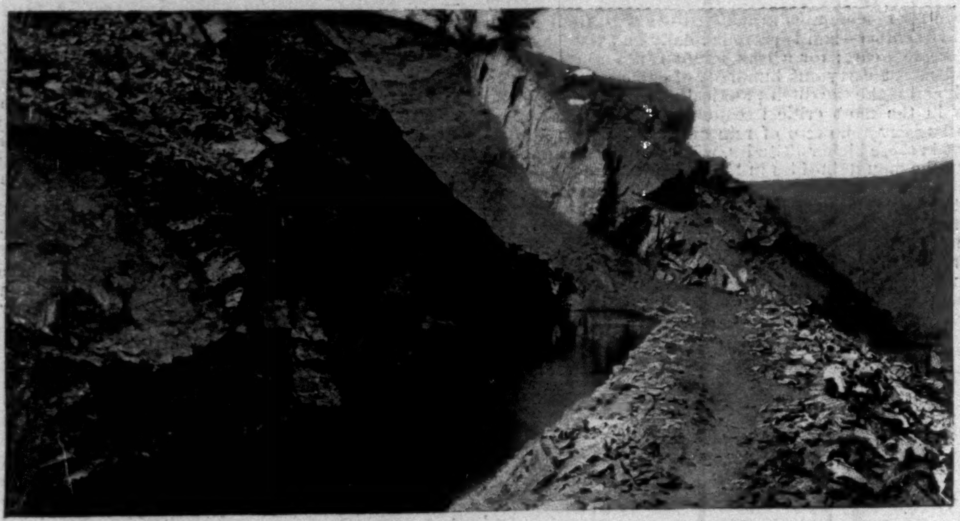
When a liberal mind finds itself in a foreign capital it requires an effort to establish a proper adjustment to the prevailing conditions of old prejudices and ancient notions, to escape accepting the foreign people on their own terms, to avoid turning Sunday into a day of pleasure—for example, going to the theatre in the afternoon or evening, especially if one has been to church in the morning to hear Guillmant or Widor play the organ. For the proper measurement of French—at least of Parisian—customs one must have the stern mind of the young American woman whom I heard yesterday at Fontainebleau reproving an ancient waiter for intimating that she might desire some wine with her breakfast, and afterwards expressing her conviction that cold meat and tea were the proper food and drink for the middle of the day, and that a hot meal at such an hour presented a subject for a sound American sermon. This young woman had not forgotten her language nor her country, nor even her village nor her sewing-circle. But the friendly mind—the kind of mind of which I have just been talking—is too much inclined to an easy slipping into the pleasant places that are old and comfortable, and that are the agreeable resorts of contiguous spirits, who are always at least temporarily friendly if you let them alone. Such a mind naturally accepts the French play at the Français or the Odéon, and there are many reasons for such acquiescence—more complaisant, perhaps, than gracious—reasons that will appeal most strongly to those who are inclined to well-constructed, well-written, and well-acted plays.

Perhaps the reason that we do not hear oftener from the strictly proper mind on the subject of the French drama is that it is not usual for such a mind to care for literature that is not useful, or to understand it when it is written in a foreign tongue. At any rate, I have not happened to read anywhere that there is no play at present on the French stage that could possibly be produced on the American stage. To judge from these plays, when one really wakes up to their true character—which, as I have before intimated, one is likely to overlook, out of sympathetic respect to contiguous Parisian sentiment—the topic that chiefly interests the French people is adultery and its consequences. It is that which is the centre and core of the plays that are most interesting to the present dramatic writers of France, and the new plays are having a great vogue. There is, for example, *La Loi de l'Homme*, which is filling the Français night after night, in which M. Paul Hervieu presents the sad state of the son and daughter of two families, the mother of the first being the mistress of the father of the other. The young people are in love with each other, and the mother and father strongly approve of the attachment, and desire the marriage; but the father is separated from his wife, who is fiercely opposed to giving her daughter to the son of the woman who has displaced her. The wronged husband also is a party at the end to the disorderly and offensive complications, and he helps to illustrate and display the disadvantages which the law imposes upon French women—for the wronged wife in the play, and in real life, has no rights which she can vindicate against a man without submitting to too great degradation. At the Odéon the people are listening to Richepin's *Chemineau* with the rapt attention that marks the quickness of the French ear to the beauties of French verse. And this play's interest, so far as it has any interest aside from the music of its poetry, is due to the illicit love of a woman farm hand and a tramp, the son of which love, when he reaches manhood, wins the love of the daughter of the rich farmer, who is naturally—at least we would say naturally—opposed to tainting his family by the introduction of so sinister a product as that of such a vile entanglement is likely to prove. Then there is *La Carrière* at the Gymnase, which presents diplomacy as a career whose political ends are among the accomplishments of lives devoted to amorous intrigue.

All the essential indecency of the body of the structure is made the skeleton of most charming art. The art of the writer and the art of the actor unite to delight the audience—and a French audience seems to excuse anything if the art of presentation or interpretation be charming. There is of course a moral in *La Loi de l'Homme*—the low place that woman occupies under the law of France—a moral that accounts for the movement known as feminism, which is not at all like our woman's-rights movement in America, for it is a movement for the rights of personal liberty and of property which were granted to women in our country fifty years ago. But, after all, it does not seem to the American mind to be absolutely necessary that the cause of feminism, righteous though it be, should be advanced through the artistic presentation of the favorite theory which is professed by French writers of plays and novels, namely, that the basis of French social life is the frank avowal of illicit relations between men and women. Of course one cannot ignore the logical consequences of the almost universal marriage of *convenance*, or of the commercial custom of the *dot*, but that French men and French women possibly do not live up to the immoral standard of their literature is indicated not only in French domestic life, but in the literature itself; for, in two of the very plays which I have endeavored to describe as they would strike an awakened American consciousness, the parties do not recognize "the manner of life" as a manner that is universally accepted by the French people, or even by Parisian society. The noble father and wayward husband in *La Loi de l'Homme* has such faint confidence in the propriety of his conduct that he lies most energetically to his wife when she charges him with infidelity; while even M. Hervieu, the author, whose works clearly denote the subject with which he is most familiar, and on which, therefore, it is to be presumed he most loves to reflect—even this dweller among the moral pigtroughs is impressed with the unsatisfactory consequences (to the children) of such a state of affairs as has resulted from the unsavory relations of the undutiful father and mother. And Richepin in the *Chemineau* seems to recognize that Frenchmen do not so fully accept the national "manner of life" as to be willing that their daughters shall marry men who have such portentous traditions behind them as clouded, for a time at least—for the play comes out all right for the young people, as French plays are apt to do—the future of the son of poor Toinette and the tramp.

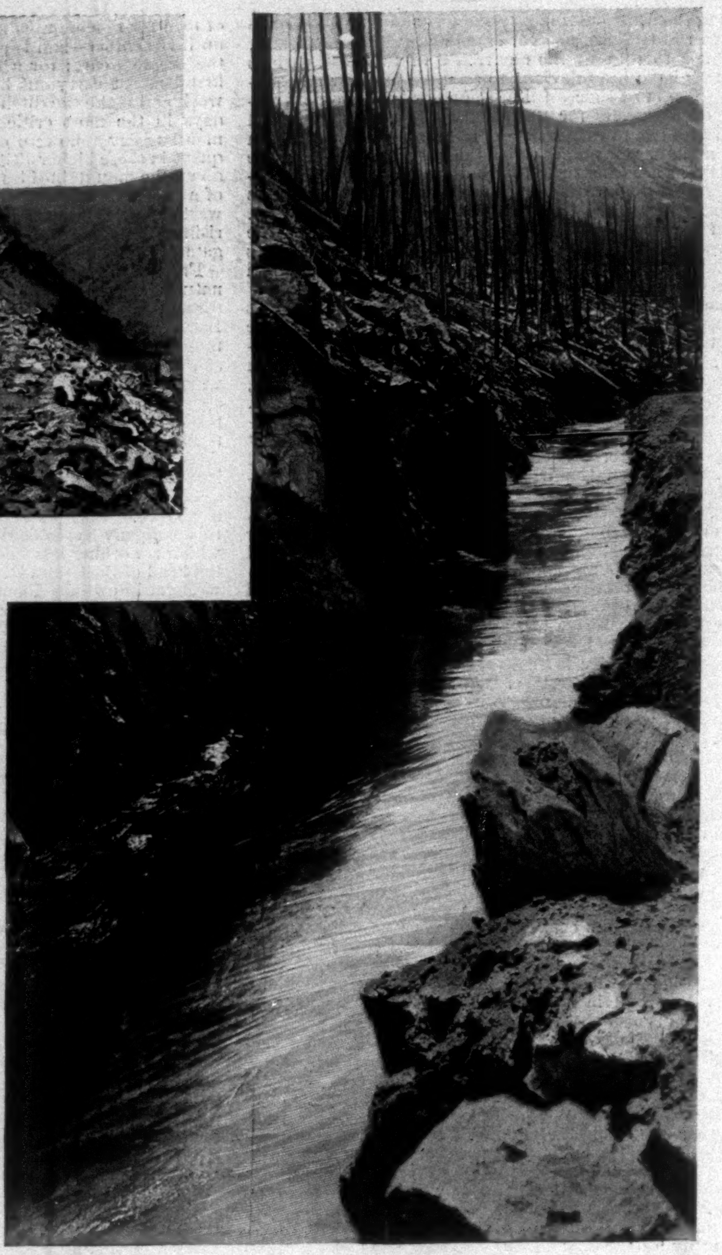
There is doubtless a reason for the existence of offensive French novels and French plays, but he who looks down on French morality as it is presented to-day on the Paris stage is likely to take it for granted that the French man and the French woman have reached a condition of degradation such as that which was and is the common lot of savage peoples, but out of which we Americans have been accustomed to suppose that a Christian civilization had lifted us. This would be the thought, to recur to the beginning of these few remarks on the outward semblance of Paris, of one who yields to the danger of interpreting French life by glances at Paris. The Parisian stage says loudly enough that France is morally rotten, but then the Parisian theatre may not be an exact reflector. There may be blemishes on the surface of the mirror which distort the image.

As I have the courage to doubt the verity of the testimony of Parisian literature and of the Parisian theatre to

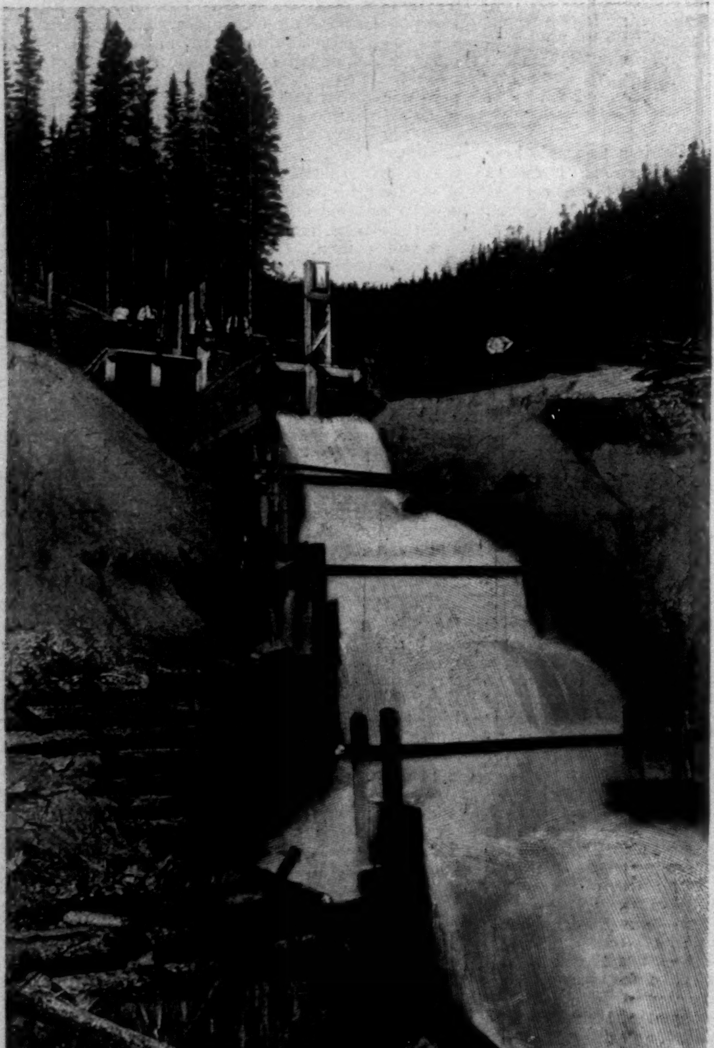


MOUTH OF THE 100-FOOT TUNNEL.

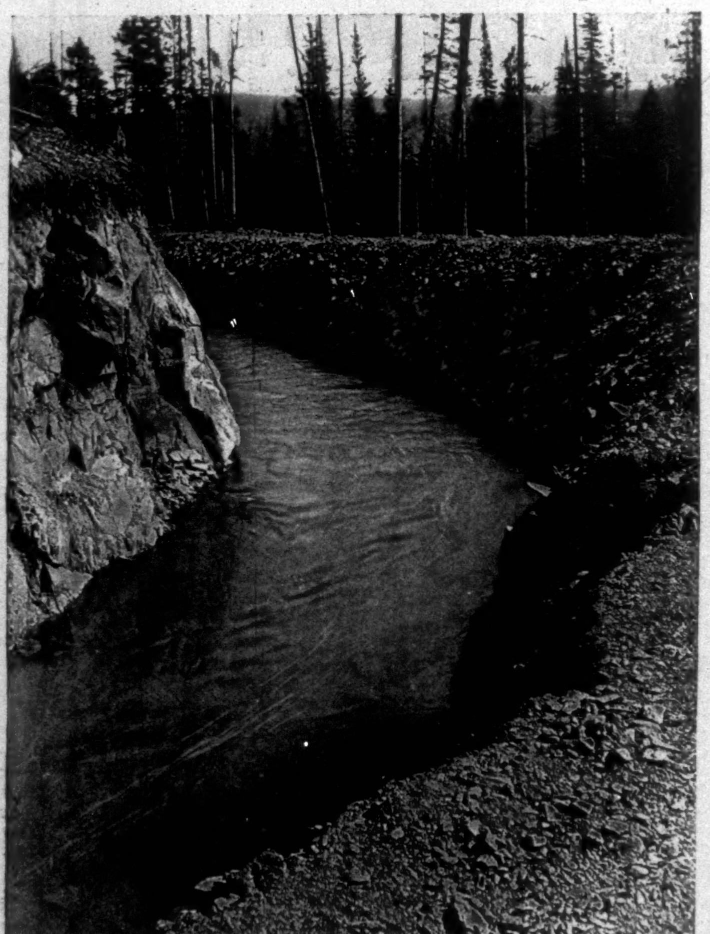
THE 400-FOOT FLUME.



A SECTION OF THE DITCH AND A GLIMPSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.



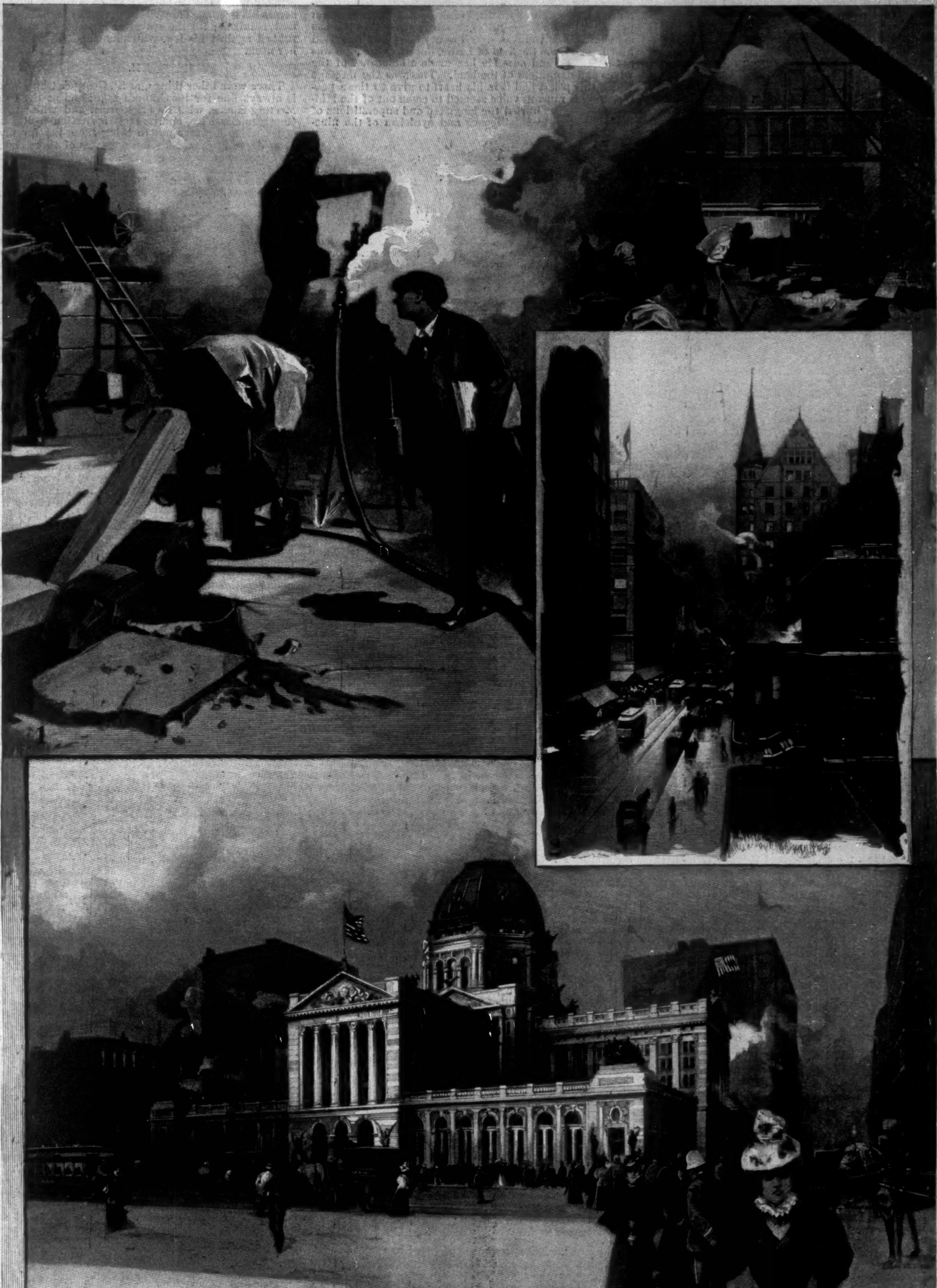
AUTOMATIC WASTEWAY.



THE DITCH TURNING ROCKY POINT.

IRRIGATION IN COLORADO—DIVERTING WATER FROM THE BIG LARAMIE RIVER INTO THE CACHE LA POUDRE RIVER.

[See Page 586.]



CHICAGO'S NEW FEDERAL BUILDING FOR THE POST-OFFICE, CUSTOMS, AND TREASURY DEPARTMENTS.

Henry Ives Cobb, Architect.—Drawn by H. Reuterdahl.—[See Page 594.]

1. Removing the Foundations of the old Post-Office. 2. The old Post-Office. 3. The new Building as it will look when completed.

the morality of the French people, and as I am inclined to suppose that French excitation may have much to do with the propagation of the theory that the *union libre* is essentially the "manner of life" of these interesting people, so I shall take the liberty of assuming that the ignominious escape of the young men from the terrible and murderous conflagration at the Charity Bazar is not an illustration of French courage. Indeed, Frenchmen have given so many noble examples of heroism on the field of battle and in other and more trying circumstances that such an assumption is inevitable. No nation in the world has been oftener glorified by its men and women who have preferred the things that are better than life, and French men and French women have too many times and in too great numbers rejoiced in the presence of death for the good that was to follow it, while undergoing the intensest agony of mortal suffering, to permit any individual instance of cowardice to excuse a doubt of French heroism. And in this terrific fire, in which so many women of great social distinction lost their lives, there was abundant bravery, and some of it was manifested by men. Chief among the distinguished people who lost their lives was the Duchesse d'Alençon, and it was she who refused to save herself by taking precedence of the young girls who were assisting at her counter. The French journalist is always putting the truth appropriately, and therefore dramatically, to his audience, and so I shall transcribe the phrase that "La Passant" puts into the mouth of the duchesse. This is it: "*Mon devoir est de passer après les autres!*" It was an occasion, to her mind, when the precedence due to royal blood brought the daughter of kings nearest to death, and so she claimed her right at the last moment, and in dreadful danger, as she had doubtless claimed it all her life when its assertion brought only the privilege of being the first and the most considered when life was most joyous, and therefore most abundant. I do not know that the duchesse actually used these words, for the literary quality in a French reporter's account of an affair sometimes questions its verisimilitude, but brave deeds were done not only by the duchesse and other titled women, but by some men, especially by a humble roofer and a cook, and by some "*filles du peuple*," as they are called in this republic, on all whose school fronts is carved the legend, "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité."

But there were men who were not so brave, who, in very truth, were the sorriest specimens of humanity of whom, I believe and hope, contemporaneous history has ever taken note. These men are called "Gardénias" by *Figaro*, which alludes presumably to the flowers that they wore in their button-holes when they were making court to the women whom they afterwards basely deserted and trampled under foot in their determination to remain living stains on the scutcheon of their country. Only five men were killed. One was a doctor, who tried to save his wife and daughter, and lost his own life in the effort. He was the youngest of the five. The rest, including General Munier, were old men. What became of the young men? There were some in the building—some of the men of fashion of Paris—and not one of them is known to have saved a life, or to have endeavored to save a life. On the contrary, the faces of some of the dead women, and the tongues of some of the living, tell a saddening tale of cowardice and brutality—a tale which is repeated not only in the radical and socialistic newspapers, which, as may be imagined, were very quick to take advantage of the occasion to exploit their animus against the worthless idlers of the capital, but in the conservative papers, which are forced to utter their indignation even while trying to make it appear that the number of the cowards was happily small. Whatever may have been the number, it seems that the "Gardénias" who were idling and flirting with the young women in the bazar were seized by a horrible panic as soon as the cry of fire was heard. Then their smiles and compliments turned into looks of terror and cries of fear. With their fists and their canes they beat down the women who barred their way to the door, and escaped. It is a constant theme of the preacher that we should not harbor feelings of revenge, and the preacher means also, I suppose, that we ought not to be glad when a sinner is overtaken in this world by some part of his quittance. But I confess that it gives me a deep pleasure and a most comfortable feeling of satisfaction to learn that some of these flying, screaming, scratching, and caning barbarians and cowards are known. The only alloy to my pleasure is that society, after its amiable fashion, is very likely to forget and forgive the cowards in an incredibly short time.

While the "Gardénias" in their ignominy may not speak for France, and while no one ought to say that they stand for Frenchmen, it may be that they are the true representatives of the French society, or rather of the Parisian society, whose tone and whose exploits furnish their themes to the young writers of the French novel and the French theatre. At least there is probably something under all that is offensive and saddening in French literature, something that is gnawing at the vitals of French society. We may have no right to judge France by what we read and see in her novels and on her stage any more than many Americans who come here have the right to accept the art of her vaudevillistes and her cooks as the standard of French excellence in art; but we have the right, I fancy, to think that if there is a society which warrants those who represent it in making adultery the basis of their works of art, there is reason to suspect that the manhood of the old families that once did so much for the glory of their country has departed, and that the mad crowd of "Gardénias" who beat down the women are the sad endings of great genealogies. Certainly the priest, the Père Ollivier, who preached the sermon at the quasi-official ceremony at Notre Dame, thought that Parisian conditions demanded or gave opportunity for the thunderings of the pulpit. It is true that he thundered not so much against corrupt society as against the republican government, whose chiefs were seated in front of him. They spoke to him of war upon his Church and upon religion. The legislation of the republic was hostile to Rome, and he believed the men in power were hostile to God. Therefore, in his blind and fanatical manner, he mounted the pulpit and, in the presence of the stricken multitude whose friends and relatives had been burned to death, he announced that God had justly punished the French for their infidelities. France, the "eldest daughter of the Church of Christ," said the narrow Dominican preacher, "has merited this chastisement because she has abandoned her traditions." Twenty-six years ago God killed her men in the field of battle, but that expiation was not sufficient, and now He has made a holocaust of the wives and daughters of the land. This was the message which this priest had it in his heart to give to these people, and his raucous voice seemed to come out of the Middle Ages as he hurled the language and superstitions of barbarism at the intelligence and cynicism of the nineteenth century.

But since the sermon was delivered it has found a wider interpretation, and it is frequently talked about now as a shaft aimed at the corrupt society, many of whose innocent women suffered the horrible death which Père Ollivier calls just—a shaft that is odious not because the priest's wrath is not justified, but because of its outbreak at such a time and of its insult to the Deity. I do not mean to write a moral homily on Paris and its literature or its drama, on its fashionable cowards, or on what there may be of corruption in its society, but to give to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY a notion of how Paris may look, outwardly and superficially, in some aspects that may be called moral, and to reach finally a point where I may observe, without, I hope, being misunderstood, that Paris is very like a chattering and nervous woman who is preparing for a fair (in this respect the figure is most timely), and whose excited remarks about the small details of passing events are not to be mistaken for the revelations of her inmost heart.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

LIFE AND LETTERS

It is possible that the month of May shows itself more winningly in other climates, but I am growing in the belief that it is at its best here in the city of New York, where for the most part it can be an affair only of the air and sky. I always count it a year lost out of my life when I do not see the spring coming over the fields and through the woods; and I feel that if I had my rights I should see some twenty or thirty more Mays than I am likely to see. As many apple-blossomings as that are due me, in any fair count, but if I cannot have them I am not going to be so grudging as to deny that I get a good deal of pleasure out of the mere climate of New York at this season.

I.

It is not often that any stress of untimely heat falls into our May, and this year it has been more than commonly free from tropical fervors. Two months before the present writing, or about the 20th of March, the grass was fully green on the little irregular lawns of Union Square; it is a month since the hyacinths massed their plumes around the vast basin of the fountain; but not even yet have the leaves on the trees got their full growth; and I call that very well indeed for the spring-time of a people so much accused of hustle as we are. I have seen the month of May get more of a move on even in the ancient city of Verona than this last May has shown in New York; and though I am not pretending that I would not rather have been in Verona for the last thirty days, I do not believe that I could have tasted a more delicate meteorological pleasure there. From first to last the days have been a rapture, or as much a rapture as any days can be when the years are sixty; and whatever June may have in store for us, I do not know how any one can say that this month of May, merely as a month, could have been better. There have been moments of this delicious New York weather when I have forgotten the ugliness of New York, and the maniacal clamor of her avenues has been as the jargoning of birds in my holden senses, and I have seen the cable-cars sail up and down Broadway as richly content as ever schooners slipping through the channels of salt meadows have made me.

Of course, there was a choice in the effects which have been such delights; and if I must name my keener delights I should like first to specify one divine Sunday morning when I woke early, and went a walk eastward as far as the river, and back through the tenement streets between lofty house-fronts, all garlanded with fire-escapes, to the leafy spaces of Stuyvesant Square. As far as their wonted activities was concerned, I had the river and the streets quite to myself, and the square at seven o'clock was not yet the resort of its wonted leisure. There was a sort of English coolness in the sun-shot air, and a sort of London quaintness and oldness in the keeping of the neighborhood. When I got fairly into the little park I found the foliage dense enough to veil the prospect of the high-stoop New York houses to the south and north, and to deepen the illusion of an alien remoteness. An earlier blaze of tulips in the beds around the central fountains had fallen to a flicker here and there, which was more to my mood, and the asphalt under certain large poplar-trees was densely bestrewn with fine green fragments of blossom which were indescribably agreeable to the eye. I encountered a Maltese cat crossing the walk under one of these trees, and made some half-hearted advances towards her acquaintance, but she mewed impatiently, as if she asked why I could not see that she was after the sparrows on the grass just beyond; and she passed among them with a demure pretence of unconsciousness, which may or may not have deceived them. A little later, when I came back that way after making a circuit of the square to see what more suggestion I could get out of it, this cat was occupying one of the empty benches with her paws gathered under her, and her eyes closed. The sparrows were gone, and I could not tell whether she was inviting the quiet favorable to digestion or was massed there in the mute apathy of despair. Another cat, a black one, was by this time making across the grass towards a workmanlike-looking man who was sitting in Sunday indolence on another bench, with his newspaper across his knees. They were apparently friends, or if not that, affinities; for the cat at once went up to him and rubbed against his leg, while he smoked and scratched her neck.

II.

There were other things, as St. George's Church, which is always fine for its Gothic's sake; and as the Friends' Meeting-House, with its brick-work and white paint of Georgian classicity, and its tacit invitation to life in the spirit. But I prefer not to bring these in; for my impression in its first consciousness was of those cats, and that workman, and the green, fallen bloom on the asphalt; and I like to be honest in such matters.

It was essentially a New York May-time impression; and so was another, on another Sunday morning of the same heavenly texture of sun and air. A longitudinal section of the city gave me quite a different effect from that I had received in traversing it before. Perhaps this was because I then passed through mere tenement streets, and I now took my way down through Third Avenue into the Bowery. At any rate I found the place fully alive; people came and went, shops were open, restaurant doors stood wide, with breakfasters at the tables; and I do not know how I kept from having my shoes polished at every corner, or from buying all the Sunday papers. I escaped from the bustle when I left the Bowery and started westward, and I got quite into a Sabbath quiet in Broadway. I do not say it was the quiet of a country lane or of an elm-arched New England village street; and yet I insist that it was an impressive quiet, of a truly Sabbatical quality. The names upon nine-tenths of the signs all around may have contributed to a prevalent biblical feeling, but I was certainly aware of it, and I think the stillness was intensified by the incessant low guttural snarl of the traction cables under the street, and was not sensibly interrupted by the cars that whirred by at two minutely intervals. As I remember, there were no other vehicles, but I will not swear there was not an occasional cab or express-wagon. I will only maintain that the sense of Sunday in May was as perfect as I have ever had it; and over it was inverted the cup of the incomparable New York sky. It was all notched and jagged, of course, with the tops of the preposterous New York architecture. One could not forget this, but one could bear it; and perhaps New York is given the heavenly climate of one month of her year, that one may endure her manifold offences to ear and eye the other eleven. I rather incline to this notion the more because the solitude and silence of the street left the hideousness of its sky-line the more apparent, in the long perspective southward and northward.

But the air was nimble and sweet between those monstrous ranks of misshape, and above them how stainlessly blue the firmament! (It is a good while since the firmament has been in polite literature.) It was an effect of pure May that I got: May disembodied and independent of leaves and grass and flowers, and descending to the earth just as the Maker imagined the soul of it in heaven. Perhaps in mid-ocean one could enjoy it in some such absolute form, but on land I do not know where else so perfectly as in mid-Broadway. In London or in Paris, I remember no place where there would not have been some hint of verdure or of bloom; but in that stretch of Broadway these have been utterly abolished, and the sky did it all. There was not even a sparrow to help.

III.

I say mid-Broadway, because I think I came into the street just half-way between the Post-Office and Grace Church, and Broadway seems another thing below and above those points. It was rather more of a walk than I meant to have had, but I fixed eye upon the Gothic shaft and pushed on forbidding myself all temptations from the cable-cars. I made Grace Church my objective not merely because I meant to breakfast at the famous café under its shadow, but because it is always a consolation and a refuge to dwell upon its beauty amidst the architectural chaos of the street. Perhaps I began to feel the presence of the mere soul of May a little spectral, too. After all, we poor human creatures are of earth, and however it is to be with us hereafter we now like the comradery of the grass which our flesh is akin to. I hungered for the sight of the shrub-broken lawn of the church-yard, of a magnolia-tree that I knew to be in bloom in it, of the Japanese ivy sensitively feeling its last year's way up the buttresses to the saints in their niches turning hermits behind the screen of its foliage; and I will do myself the justice to say that these things were as great a pleasure to me as the rolls, the butter, the whipped cream, and the open pot of smoking coffee from which I cannot now dissociate them.

IV.

I talk as if it were a merit to enjoy the beautiful; but the reader knows, if he knows himself, that it is merely a privilege. Certain of us have got a franchise from the government of the universe to take delight in lovely things, and we have no more merit in it than if we were so many traction companies or gas trusts in a usufruct of the streets from the city council. I really do not suppose that in the sight of divine Providence, I was more acceptable because of my sense of beauty, than two poor fellows whom I saw sitting blind to it in a doorway on Broadway that morning. They were dead asleep; their hands hung forward over their knees, and their heads upon their breasts, and I knew them for soldiers of that sad army whose march is all over the land. But they were so decently clad that I fancied them recent recruits, and I hope that the policeman whom I met going down toward them had pity on their houselessness and let them sleep on.

Yet, if he did not, I am not going to claim any sort of superiority even for my compassion. I know how cheap it is, and I suspect it is only another sort of privilege, of franchise, quite capable of ending in the abuses of a monopoly. It is not at all with the notion of working the reader's sensibilities by means of it that I recall another bit of May-morning life which I witnessed in that very locality. It was on a week-day, but so early that the shops were not yet open. Around the closed doors of one of them was a press of forty or fifty young men, quite well dressed and well behaved, but anxious-looking, and each eager to

be next the locked valves. I asked another bystander what it all meant, and he said the store had advertised for a man.

V.

These are not the things for pure literature, I own it; but I began with the beauty of the New York May, which is very fit, and though the space here left at my command is not great, I will try to turn about and get back to it, if only for a moment. One of its prettiest features is the flower market in Union Square, which any one with my misfortune of early rising may see. It is not, indeed, such a flower market as one may see in Paris; it is merely an array of potted plants set out on the pavement from a row of express-wagons; and yet it is a flower market, and very gay to the eye and sweet to the nose. The market-men are small florists from Long Island and New Jersey, who have not exactly the interest of peasantry, but are not without their picturesqueness. They run rather to rusty cutaways and sacks than to blouses, but there is here and there one in a long over-shirt who is not bad; and upon the whole the ensemble is so charming that I wish the police would not hurry the market away so soon after eight o'clock. If they would not, perhaps the scene would gather a less sordid picturesqueness from the presence of ladies coming to buy the flowers; but before eight o'clock this is impossible. W. D. Howells.

THE CLOVER AND THE BEE.

Sweet is the bloom on the lea—
Blue are the skies that hang over—
The clover is rocking the bee,
And the bee is kissing the clover.

The meadow's a billowy sea
For many a rollicking rover,
But the clover was made for the bee
And the bee was made for the clover.

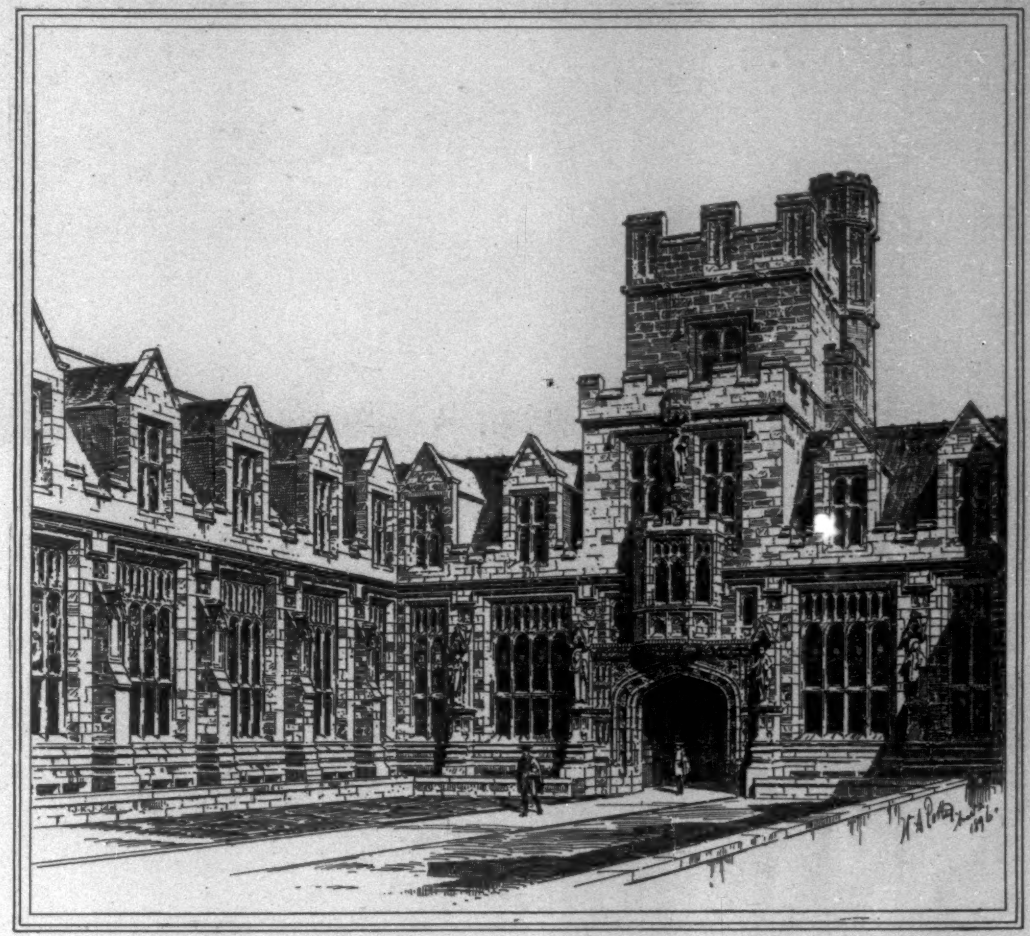
A. B. P.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT PRINCETON.

The close of our civil war found the Princeton library shelved in Nassau Hall, in the famous room once occupied by the Continental Congress. Here the books remained until their transfer to the new Chancellor Green Library in 1873. This library, facing to the north, and built on an axis running east and west, consists of a central octagon flanked by two smaller octagonal wings. For twenty-four years it has served as the chief library of Princeton. Directly south of it, and joined on by a necklike hallway some forty feet long, stands the new library now building.

In exterior plan it is a quadrangle, lying in a space of 220 by 160 feet, enclosing an open grassy court 74 feet square. The eastern and western sides are evenly divided, and pierced by fine gateways surmounted by square towers—the taller western tower being particularly rich and imposing. Through the two gateways a driveway runs east and west across the open court, affording a much-needed passage between the eastern and western regions and buildings of the university campus.

The interior plan is simplicity itself. A stack-room for 500,000 books occupies the northern side, and a similar one the southern side. Each stack-room has five shallow stories of iron and steel frame-work, with glass flooring, and oak and steel shelving. The general delivery of books taken from the stacks is made at a counter placed in the hallway leading to the Chancellor Green Library. Provision is made for telephones, elevators, and tramways to accelerate delivery, for a supply of dry dustless air for ventilation, for printing and binding appliances, and in general for all devices that help the preservation, use, and handling of books.



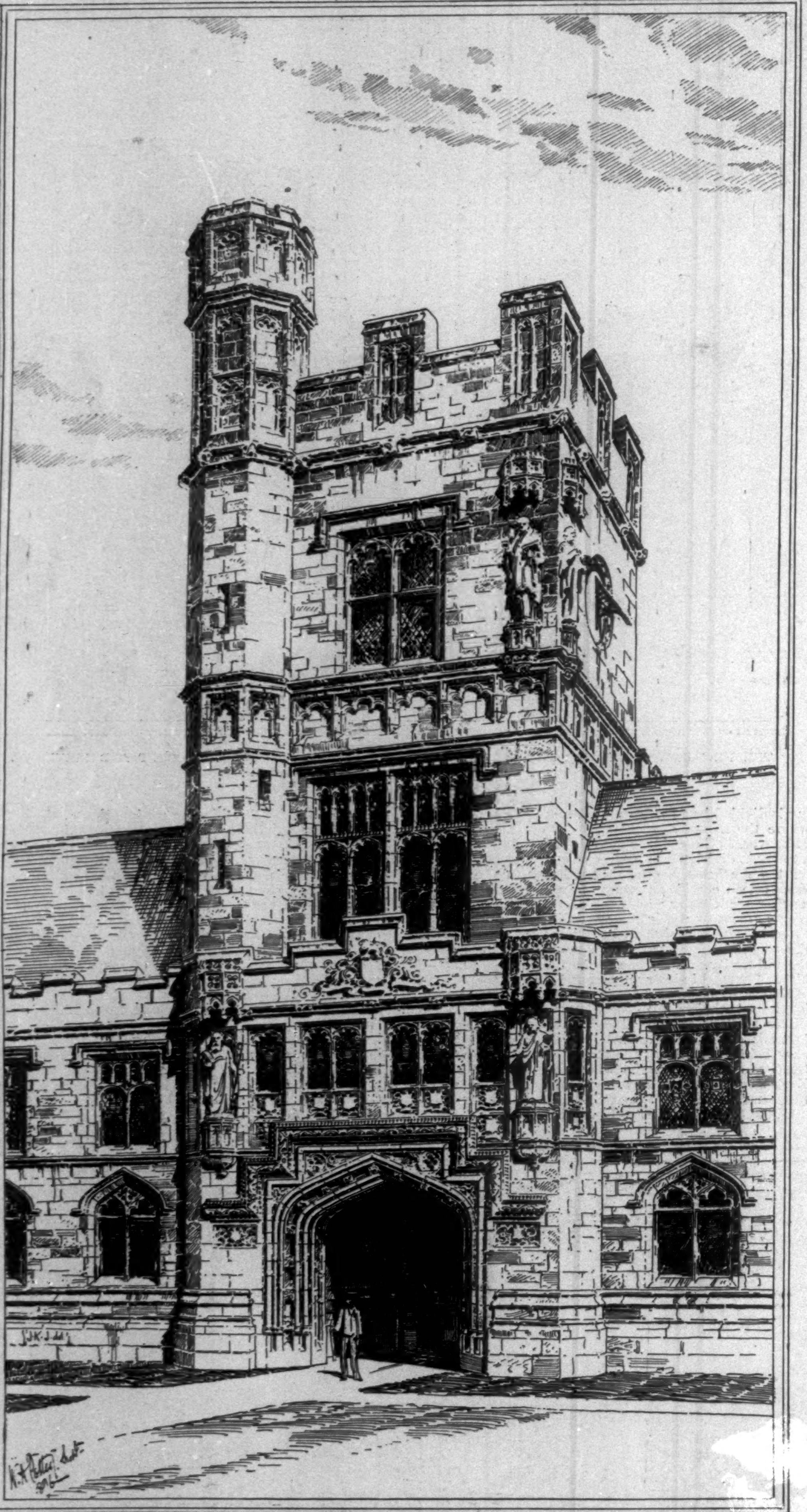
THE NEW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, SHOWING THE COURT AND DRIVEWAY.
From a Drawing by W. A. Potter, Architect.

On the eastern and western sides the height of the building is divided into three stories, except in a small portion where the five-storied arrangement of stacks is found. Moreover, as these sides are each broken in the centre by a tower, a division into four corners is effected, one each on the northeast, southeast, northwest, and southwest. Each corner contains a group of five independent but connecting rectangular rooms. The five in the northeastern corner are set apart for library administration. The other three corners, containing fifteen rooms altogether, are for the seminaries (sometimes barbarously called seminars) of the university. These are to be the favored spots—the hives of special industry in research, the privileged homes of the maturer students of proved ability, the places where it is hoped scholarship of the finest type may be developed. On the shelves are to be placed the most needed books and journals of the department of study in which the seminary belongs, while in the stack-room the more special treatises and monographs will be found close at hand. Each seminary-room is being arranged for about three thousand books, and is capable of six or seven thousand.

Old and new are always blended at Princeton, and fortunately blended here in the conjunction of the old and new library buildings. The new furnishes the seminaries and the great store-house for the *turba librorum*; the old, a reference library, a spacious and well-lighted reading-room, and the trustee's room. The total capacity of the whole is between twelve and thirteen hundred thousand volumes—a capacity far beyond the present number of books on hand. But already several gifts of value are coming in to fill the need in part, among them the almost unique collection of Virgils presented by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, the Hutton collection of portrait masks, other gifts of books, and some sixty thousand dollars for immediate use. What the library now needs to complete it is endowment for the separate seminaries and for the extensive general purchase of books.

Architecturally the new library is a splendid richly decorated example of English collegiate building of the later fifteenth century. In watching its rising walls and towers one cannot help thinking of Magdalen College in Oxford and the battlemented walls overlooking the gardens of St. John's in Cambridge. Truly it is from such

THE NEW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, SHOWING THE WEST AND SOUTH FAÇADES.—From a Drawing by W. A. Potter, Architect.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—THE WESTERN TOWER AND GATEWAY.
FROM A DRAWING BY W. A. POTTER, ARCHITECT.

walls and towers Oxford and Cambridge are ever "whispering the last enchantments of the Middle Age," and such have been the models for the Princeton Library.

The cost of the building is $600,000, the superb and unsolicited gift of an unannounced donor.

ANDREW F. WEST.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

MANY tales have been told of the power of music to subdue the unruly passions of sinful men, but no more remarkable example of its ability to frustrate crime has ever come to light than the recent experience of Mr. Jeremiah Pendleton, of Metuchen, New Jersey.

Mr. Pendleton is one of the wealthiest residents of Metuchen, and his house is stocked with a large and varied collection of rare and expensive bric-à-brac. His most valued possession is a long rosewood music-box, which usually rests on a marble topped table in the bay-window. This box, being a purely mechanical contrivance, and accordingly not actuated by feelings of pity or remorse, is capable of emitting, when wound up, tinkling tunes from the Italian operas and other popular melodies of bygone days for hours at a stretch. Mr. Pendleton, who is not a ready talker, relies on it largely as a means of entertaining visitors and supplying his own conversational deficiencies.

Not long ago Mr. Pendleton bought a number of cylinders for his music-box, containing over thirty tunes in all. He was so pleased with his purchase that he at once issued cards inviting all the neighbors to a musical evening at home on the following Thursday. The evening before the event two young men, near neighbors, called on Mr. Pendleton's daughters to express their regrets that an important business engagement would prevent their being present. Mr. Pendleton was distressed to learn that they would not be able to grace the occasion with their presence, and insisted on treating them to a private rehearsal. Now the two young men were Wagnerians of the deepest dye, and had contracted their business engagement subsequently to receiving Mrs. Pendleton's invitation in order to have a valid excuse not to endure their present infliction. They stood it as long as they could, but not even their admiration for Mr. Pendleton's attractive daughters could induce them to listen to more than one-half of the programme, and with some badly stammered excuses they made their escape at an early hour. When Mr. Pendleton and his family retired, at about ten o'clock, the box was gayly trilling out the Slumber Song from *Masaniello*.

Shortly after eleven o'clock Mr. Pendleton was aroused by the sound of breaking glass; then he distinctly heard footsteps in the parlor and the murmur of human voices. Mingled with these sounds came the notes of the music-box, which was now playing "Oft in the Stilly Night." Mr. Pendleton's first thought was naturally "burglars"! Donning a long-flowered dressing gown, and seizing a large cavalry sabre which he kept by his bedside for such emergencies, he descended to the ground-floor.

On entering the parlor Mr. Pendleton was surprised to find no one there. The bay-window, however, was open, and a blast of cool night air told him that he had arrived too late to exhibit his skill in sword-play.

Mr. Pendleton looked around the apartment to discern the extent of his losses, but, so far as a hasty glance could reveal, everything was in its accustomed place. With a sigh of relief he hastened to the window, hoping to see, and if possible to identify, the disturbers of his rest. Again he was too late. Peer as he might into the darkness, he could detect no one on the grounds. Not being costumed for an evening promenade, he did not venture out. Instead, he closed the window and the inside shutters. Against these, for greater security, he was about to move the marble-topped table, when, to his horror, he discovered that his loved music-box was not upon it!

He could scarcely believe his eyes. The box weighed ninety pounds, and while it was undoubtedly valuable, it was decidedly the most awkward article in the room to make away with or to dispose of. Mr. Pendleton now made a careful inventory of his other treasures. All were in their places, including not only his coins, but a French clock in gilt with candelabras to match, his autograph-album, three stuffed birds-of-paradise under a glass shade, a snuff-box once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and a chip from the nose of the Sphinx. Yet he would rather the burglars had taken the lot and left the music-box. What on earth could he do to amuse the neighbors who were coming the very next night?

Mr. Pendleton hastily dressed himself and hurried to the house of the constable to acquaint him with his loss. He found Mr. Lovejoy dressed, lantern in hand, and about to start out in company with Mr. Joseph Kingsbury, a well-known bachelor resident.

Mr. Pendleton had hardly uttered the words "music-box" when Constable Lovejoy broke in with:

"Waal, I swan ter man! I guess Mist' Kingsb'ry kin throw some light onto that affair."

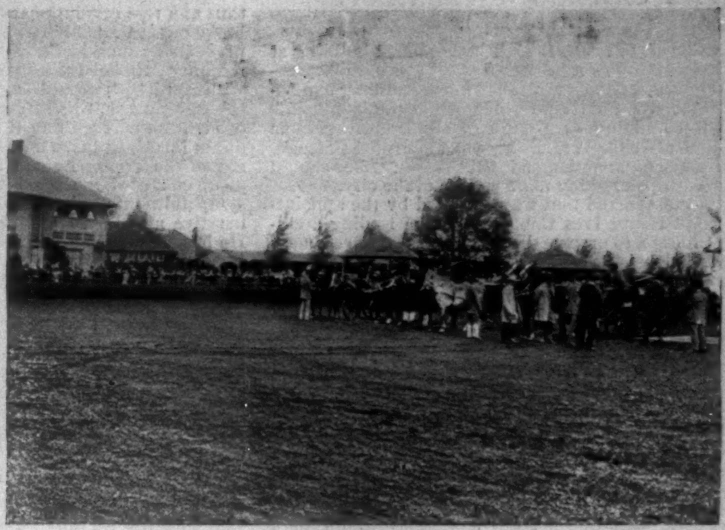
Kingsbury thereupon explained that while on his way home from the station, where he had arrived on a late train, he had been surprised to hear faint strains from *La Sonnambula* apparently coming out of the ground. Following the sound, he suddenly came upon two men crouched by the road-side, who appeared to be investigating the contents of a large chest. As he approached them, the men rose, lifted the chest, which seemed very heavy, and started down the road with it. Kingsbury, still following the music, found himself also following the men, and gradually the idea forced itself upon him that the music must proceed from the chest. In the mean time the men, finding themselves followed, broke into a run. Noticing, however, that Kingsbury did not accelerate his speed, they stopped, threw open the lid of the chest, and appeared to be putting something into it. Then, when Kingsbury again drew near, they suddenly lifted the chest and dropped it into the front yard of the house before which they were, and ran off. Kingsbury says that as he came up the chest was playing "Over the Garden Wall." Unfortunately he was suffering from a severe attack of gout, and so was unable to pursue the two men, but he immediately reported what he had seen to the constable.

He now conducted Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Pendleton to the place, where the latter gleefully identified his missing music-box. Although the robbers, probably in their efforts to silence it, had stuffed into its works a golf cap, part of a sweater, and a pair of rubbers, it appeared to be quite uninjured, except for a tendency to shift unexpectedly from one tune to another on receiving the least jar. As Mr. Pendleton and Constable Lovejoy lifted it from the ground there was a sharp click, and it broke forth in the strains of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Accompanied by Kingsbury, they bore it back to its place in the Pendleton parlor. As they set it down on the marble-topped table in the bay-window there was another click, and the tune changed to "Home, Sweet Home," which it played for about six bars, and then stopped.

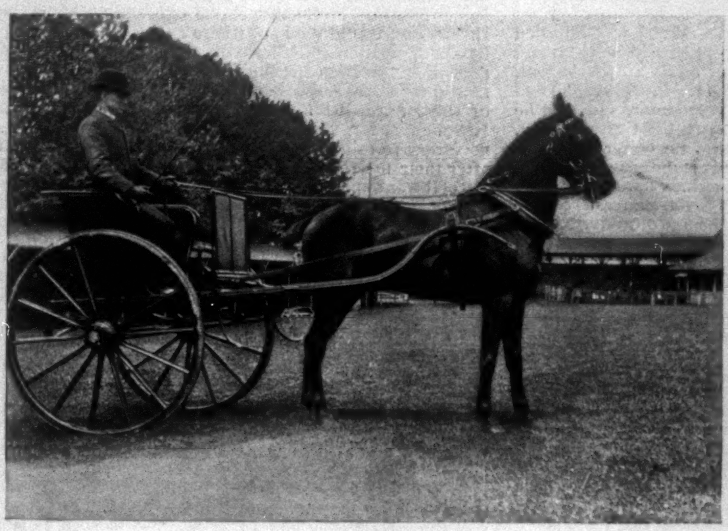
Constable Lovejoy thought at first that the articles found in the music-box might furnish some clew to the perpetrators of the outrage, but they proved to belong to two respectable young men living next door to Mr. Pendleton—the very same, in fact, who had just spent the evening at his house. As these young men were possessed of independent means, and were, besides, frequent callers at the Pendletons', and could hear the music-box as often as they wanted, Mr. Lovejoy thought it unlikely that they would be tempted to steal it, although they were both excellent musicians, playing finely on the violin and piano. Constable Lovejoy, who is known as the Sherlock Holmes of Metuchen, is working on the ingenious theory that the robbery was committed by thieves who had previously broken into the house next door. The two young men strongly incline to the same belief, and adduce in evidence the obvious fact that the articles found in the music-box are missing from the hall closet where they were usually kept. They have even furnished the constable the means wherewith to prosecute his search in New York, where it is believed the culprits are in hiding. Although Constable Lovejoy has been haunting the concert-saloons of the Bowery for two weeks, following numberless clews, the mystery remains as much a mystery as ever.

WALKER AKEN.

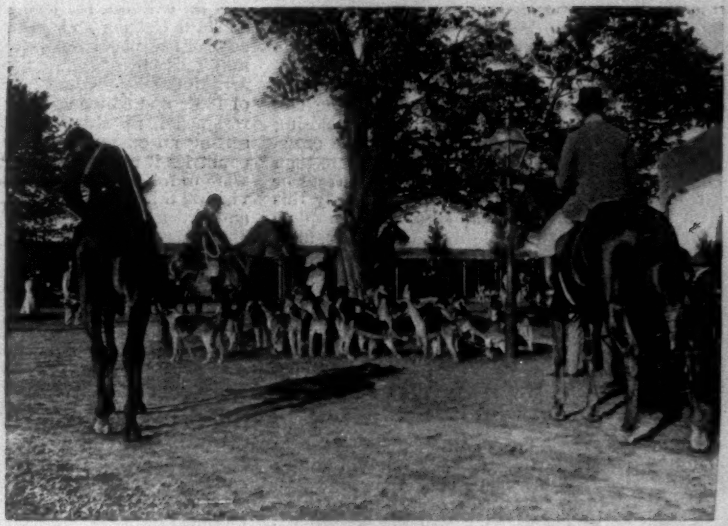
AN ARRIVAL.



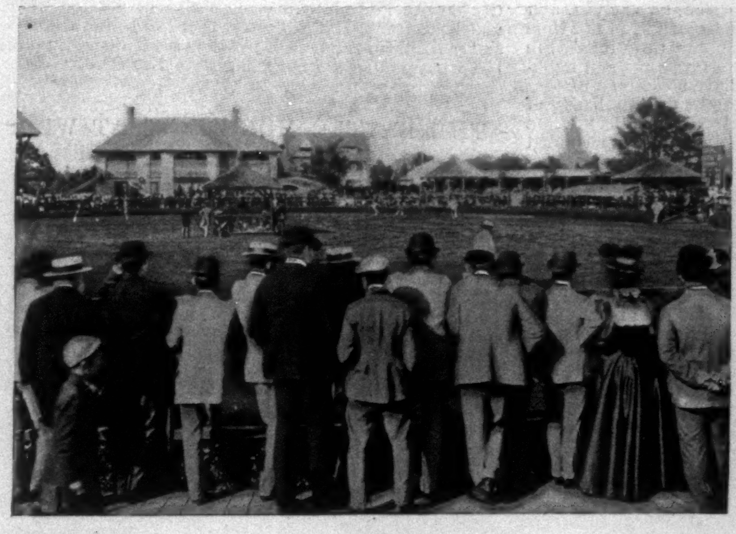
JUDGING PAIRS.



A CANDIDATE FOR HONORS.

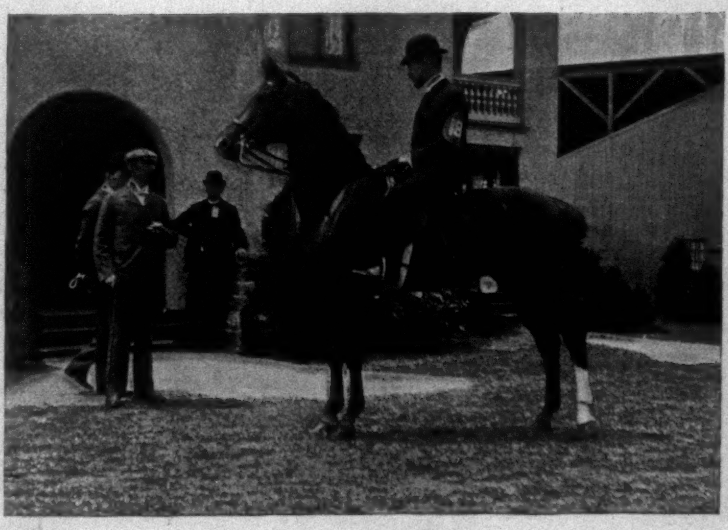


JUDGING FOX-HOUNDS.

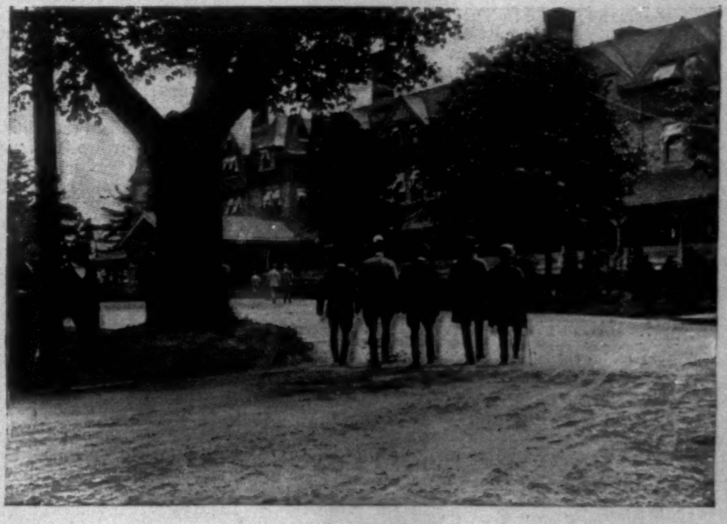


RAIL-BIRDS.

"LADIES TO RIDE."



PATSY McCORD, FIRST-PRIZE WINNER.
Defeated for Championship by Kathleen.



LUNCHEON AT THE INN.

THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW, MAY 25-29.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR H. GODFREY.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 598.]

THE CHICAGO GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The existing, or rather the late, government building at Chicago—for it is now represented only by an excavation—has never been satisfactory to that town, and long ago became inadequate for its purposes, while the complaints against the building as a work of architecture became louder, and, after the World's Fair had educated Chicago, amounted to a popular demand that the Post-Office should be replaced by something more worthy of the city.

This is the demand that was appeased by the appointment of Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, one of the leading architects of Chicago, to prepare designs for a new government building, which is to accommodate primarily the post-office, but also a number of courts and all of the Federal offices of the city. The result, on paper, is the building illustrated on page 589, and on the ground an enormous excavation. Considering the apprehension that was felt in the early history of the building concerning its stability, it seems odd to read that it has been found necessary to blast out the old foundations with dynamite.

The site is a very fine one. That is to say, it is a full block, 396 by 321, in the heart of Chicago, and surrounded, or inevitably to be surrounded, by sky-scrapers. Although the Chicago sky-scraper has been curbed by law to a maximum of ten stories or so, the maximum will be attained by every future builder in this quarter. The ordinary treatment under these conditions would be a hollow square lighted from the surrounding streets and from a central court. The scheme actually adopted is the reverse of this, in that the centre of the plot is occupied by the most solid and the loftiest part of the building. The law requires that the building shall extend to the limits of the site, and thus prevents the withdrawal of the building so as to be seen across a foreground on any side. But the designer has obtained this effect while still complying with the law by surrounding the site with a range of building of only two stories enclosing a cruciform structure of eight, and a dome at the crossing 100 feet in diameter and 200 feet high, or more than the height of any one of the tall buildings that front or that can front the government building. Obviously this is the most eligible arrangement to secure the complete and effective lighting of the building. Obviously, also, the pyramidization of the whole pile towards the central dome gives promise of the most imposing architectural effect. There is every reason to believe that whereas the shabby old Post-Office was a disgrace to Chicago, the new government building will be one of its chief boasts.

EASTERN TURKEY.

Eastern Turkey has been so completely crowded out of sight by Macedonia and Thessaly that there is danger lest the civilized world forget that it has duties there as well as on the Greek border. The spring months, with the return of warm weather, have lessened somewhat the suffering of the fall and winter, but still the situation is most serious. The destitution is extreme, and is made worse by the constant attempts of the Turkish government to collect taxes, even to the extent of confiscating the tools by which alone the peasants can secure the means to pay the taxes.

Side by side with the oppressive action of the government other influences are apparent. From Trebizond south to Mosul, and from the Persian border west to Harput, the Christians—Greeks, Armenians, Nestorians, Jacobites—are almost the only agriculturists. The Moslem population is chiefly of Kurdish origin, though often Turkish in name, and utterly averse to steady work of any kind. They much prefer the freer life of herdsmen, and when they are compelled to till the soil, do it with as little labor as possible, and rely to a great degree upon being able to filch from the Christians the fruits of their labor. Those fruits having been largely destroyed, the supply at the command of the Moslems has diminished, greatly to their discomfort. The result has been that every gain on the part of an Armenian has been watched and seized upon, until all ambition has died out. What is the use of sowing for the Kurds to reap? At the same time the effect of the Turkish victories over the Greeks has been apparent in an increasing arrogance of manner, even among the poorest of the Moslems. They have murdered Armenians with impunity, and now they have annihilated a European nation! Even the Czar, with his heavy garrisons in the Caucasus, has been able to do nothing for his kinsmen in Athens. The crescent is rampant, and the red flag of the Caliph symbolizes even to the muleteer and camel-driver the fate of those who despise it or refuse it obeisance.

Still another fact of most serious import is too often overlooked. The Moslems of Persia have been watching with great interest the events in Turkey. The result was seen a few weeks since in a fanatical outbreak in Tabriz, when a large number of Armenians were killed. The Shah did practically nothing to stop the riot, which ended only when the foreign consuls opened their doors to the terror-stricken crowd, and the Russian threatened that unless order was restored he would have the Cossacks in the city in forty-eight hours. Communication between Trebizond and Tabriz by the caravan road through Erzerum and Khoi is constant, and the public sentiment of each place is felt all along the line. Already there are indications that the summer may see a renewal of the disturbances of the past, unless Europe intervenes with stronger hand than she has yet shown.

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY.

A tale used to be told in the lobbies of the House of Commons to the effect that Mr. Justin McCarthy and Sir George Trevelyan were once engaged together on some Parliamentary committee business. Mr. McCarthy paused suddenly in his work and seemed lost in thought. Looking up, he saw Sir George watching him. "Do you know," said Sir George, "I was wondering what ever on earth induced you to enter politics." "Curiously enough," came the answer, "I was wondering precisely the same thing about you." There was some reason for this mutual astonishment. Both men were born students; both men by their natural dispositions and training were apparently destined for a literary life; yet both voluntarily left their libraries and plunged into politics.

Justin McCarthy was born at Cork in 1830. He was thus at a ripe revolutionary age when the rebellion of '48 broke out. Probably it was nothing but an accident that prevented young McCarthy from shouldering his musket, rescuing Mitchel from prison, and standing side by side with Smith O'Brien and Meagher in that famous fight in the cabbage-garden at Ballingarry. In those days an Irishman of eighteen was nothing if not a rebel, and McCarthy no doubt imagined himself as bloodthirsty a revolutionist as any of the Young Ireland leaders. However, the movement collapsed too soon for him to translate his poetic sympathies into bullets, and he turned to the more remunerative and far more perilous profession of journalism. He has told us in a charming bit of autobiography how from his earliest years he had set his heart on carving out a literary career for himself in London. As a preliminary he went to Liverpool in his twenty-third year, and became everything that human intelligence can allow a man to be on one of the local papers. He was its editorial writer, its dramatic critic, its art critic, its reviewer, and a few more things besides. Something that he wrote attracted the notice of Harriet Martineau, then in the height of her fame. She strongly advised him to remove to London, and gave him a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Daily News*. At the time there was no room on the *Daily News* for McCarthy, but he filled a vacancy on the *Morning Star*, and in 1860 entered the gallery of the House of Commons as reporter for that journal. The year 1860 was an important one in the history of English journalism. It saw the abolition of the paper duties—the last of the factitious burdens which had made a successful penny paper an impossibility. The *Morning Star* was an extreme Radical journal, greatly influenced by Richard Cobden and John Bright. It led the agitation against the paper duties with ingenuity and success, and may fairly be considered the father of cheap journalism. Mr. McCarthy became its foreign editor towards the end of 1861, and editor-in-chief three years later. In 1868 he resigned his position to travel through the United States, setting an example which it would be better for both countries if more Englishmen of his standing and ability were to follow. Mr. McCarthy remained here four years, visiting thirty-five out of the thirty-seven States, lecturing and writing with considerable success, and studying closely and sympathetically the workings of American institutions. He became and still remains a constant and most entertaining contributor to American magazines, and it is very possible that he is rated more highly as a writer here than in England. His *History of Our Own Times* met with an enormous success in this country, and had the honor of being mercilessly pirated. One gentleman, indeed—the only man of whom McCarthy was ever heard to speak with any bitterness, and even in his case the resentment was tempered with amusement—had the impudence to continue McCarthy's *History* on his own account, bringing it up to date by the addition of photographs and several pages of utter nonsense that absolutely misrepresented McCarthy's views. The copyright law has put a stop to such freaks now, but at the time both McCarthy and his publishers suffered severely from these thieves.

It was in 1872 that McCarthy returned to England to join the editorial staff of the *London Daily News*, the great organ of the Gladstone party. By that time he was about equally well known as a novelist, an essayist, and an admirable character-sketcher. Few writers of our time are so skilled as McCarthy in summing up a man's life and work and the man himself in a few quiet and unobtrusive sentences. He seems to have something of that faculty which Goldsmith declared to be the peculiarity of Burke's conversation. He winds into his subject like a serpent. One might hazard a guess that he had modelled his methods on John Henry Newman's, so slyly, unaggressively—unintentionally, one might almost think—does he make his points. His style is not always of the purest, but it never fails in charm, in vivacity, or in its modest effectiveness. His writings have the conversational ease of a man who hints rather than affirms, who reduces his opinions to their lowest denomination, and ventures them without heat or vehemence. He is winning, restful, "clubbable," picturesque, but assuredly not great. After Macaulay and Froude, he is probably the most popular English historian of this century. That, of course, is a very different thing from saying that he is on their level, and Mr. McCarthy himself would be the last man to make any such claim. His *History* is as far below theirs as his political novels are below Disraeli's. It is, indeed, unfair to compare McCarthy with any other historical writer, if only for the reason that most historians deal with the past, and McCarthy dealt with the present; and it is impossible to write a serious history of 1850 in the year 1851. What he did do was to portray very entertainingly the events and personages of the Queen's reign as they appeared to the average man; and the average man, finding his own opinions charmingly reproduced in a drapery of literary and historical allusion, was convinced at once that Mr. McCarthy was a great writer. Public opinion may have gone a little wrong on that point, but there can be no doubt that Mr. McCarthy performed a most difficult task impartially and with surprising ability. His *History of Our Own Times* must form the basis of any work hereafter to be written on the England of the nineteenth century, and future historians will turn to it as we now turn to Bishop Burnet's account of the crucial events he witnessed two hundred years ago. Besides his *History*, Mr. McCarthy has published about a dozen novels from his own pen, three more in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell Praed, a volume of critical essays, an account of the working of the liquor laws in the United States, a *History of the Four Georges*, a history of the *Epoch of Reform*, between 1830 and 1850, a *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, a *Life of the Pope*, and is now engaged on a life of Gladstone.

From the enthusiastic days of the Young Ireland movement up to the present moment Mr. McCarthy, it is hardly necessary to say, has been a constant home-ruler. Above any sort of personal good or literary fame he has placed the hope of being able to serve his country. Much of his writings was naturally devoted to questions concerning Ireland, but it was not till 1879 that he entered Parliament to do active battle on her behalf. "I had some faint hope," he says, "that, as I was well known in English literary life, my standing in with my party might make some Englishmen believe that there was something to be said for the party and the cause." It is enough to say that Mr. McCarthy has not been disappointed in that hope. Many Englishmen did think better of the home-rule party and cause when they saw that a man of McCarthy's position and character was willing to sacrifice his profession and private inclinations to serve them. He gave to the Nationalist party an air of courtesy and refinement, in which it was somewhat lacking. He was a capital man to represent a party on any great Parliamentary occasion. If he had none of the impetuous oratory of the O'Connell type, if he had no aptitude for debate, his set speeches were, at any rate, admirable, full of feeling and persuasiveness, and pervaded by that delicate literary flavor which tells so much in the House of Commons. He was one of the very few men who could deliver a funeral oration without striking a jarring note. He had, indeed, two instincts in speech-making—the one to say the right thing, the other to say it better than any one else. The House of Commons gave him a ready ear and welcome. They would have been forced to admire his speeches even if they had disliked the man. But they did not dislike the man. Nobody ever did dislike McCarthy. His is one of those open, kindly, generous natures which compel friendship and make the very idea of enmity seem laughable. The most sturdy Tory was glad to be seen talking with McCarthy in the lobbies. A good many sturdy Tories, indeed, used to hunt for him as they would for a dictionary whenever they wanted a quotation verified or an allusion made clear; and McCarthy was not often unable to meet their simple needs.

It is worth noting that the last three leaders of the Irish party—Butt, Parnell, and McCarthy—have had nothing distinctively Irish about them. Butt was a clever, hard-headed lawyer, who might have hailed from Birmingham for all the Irish element there was in him. Parnell had very little of the Celt in his blood, and none whatever in his nature. McCarthy, if one overlooked his delightful brogue, would pass anywhere as a cultivated man of letters of what nationality you please. It is easy for a man to be too Irish for the Irish, and that perhaps is one reason why Mr. McCarthy was more welcome to the bulk of the Nationalist members than such an unmitigated Irishman as Mr. Tim Healy would have been. It is not necessary to follow the internal affairs of the Irish party after their meetings in Committee-Room No. 15 when Mr. Parnell was deposed. They present indeed a sorry, sordid spectacle of perpetual bickerings and revolts, concealed from the public eye by Mr. McCarthy as much as possible, and borne by him with a Job-like patience. He did all he could, in spite of ill health and severe pressure of literary business, to reconcile the irreconcilables and present an unbroken front in the House of Commons. But it was not the work for which he was fitted; it was, indeed, the sort of work for which no man by his nature and training could be more unfitted. He carried himself through it all with a quiet dignity which won him the greatest respect and sympathy—outside the Irish ranks. It was no disgrace to him, a student and man of letters, that he failed at a crisis which would have tried the strongest leader's hand. He was never intended for the rough-and-tumble life of Irish politics. His five years of nominal leadership were one long self-sacrifice. It is not likely that Mr. McCarthy looks back on the sacrifice with any regret. But that he was conscious that it was a sacrifice may be seen from one sentence in that fragment of autobiography from which we have already quoted. "The truth was," he writes, "that I tried to serve two masters—literature and politics—two very jealous masters, who will not tolerate divided service." McCarthy attempted to be both a writer and a politician, and, as is usual in such cases, literature lost what politics did not gain.

Sydney Brooks.

THE BATTLE MONUMENT AT WEST POINT.

The polished monolith of granite that faces on the terre-plein of West Point the gateway of the Hudson Highlands, guarding like a giant sentinel the memory of two thousand heroes of the mighty struggle for principle which freed a race and welded a nation, was dedicated to its sacred function on a day of mingled cloud mists and sunbursts—fit type of the dark years of battle and of the glory of the victory which it commemorates.

The band of men whose roll is to be read upon its tablets, and high above whose names winged Fame stands poised with trumpet and outstretched wreath, are the battle victims of that little army which stood at the beginning of the fight of 1861 for all the military art our country knew. Its monument rests to-day within the borders of the great Academy which for half a century had kept alive the tradition of military integrity, discipline, simplicity, and science which inspired these men, and through them the mighty hosts of heroic volunteers who offered their lives for principle and country.

This is a monument to the regular army of the United States, erected by brothers to brothers, not in an invidious or vaunting spirit, but with a just pride in the great work wrought by the soul that went forth from this army into the leaderless masses of noble men who left the walks of peace for the hard field of fight. The regular army is justified in this pride, and rightly glories in this rock-hewn witness to a work well and faithfully done, not only in this war between the States, but by these same men in exile, hardships, and peril on remote frontiers amidst savage foes—the advance-guard of our civilization, the protectors of a land which they did not possess, and the promoters of a great industrial development whose fruit was not theirs. This memorial was not built by a grateful country, but by voluntary offerings from the hard-won pay of comrades in the field within hearing of the roar of battle and in sight of the very dead whose memory it preserves. Was ever shaft so reared before, or with a sentiment more modest, tender, and unselfish?

Those who have guarded the sacred trust confided to them and whose honor and pleasure it has been to bring it to fruition have labored to express in the finished work the dignity of the sentiment that gave it birth. The granite block, hewn from the mountain single, upright, shining like the deeds to which it bears witness; the polished sphere rounded like their lives and belted with enduring bronze; the simple inscription:

In Memory
of the
Officers and Men
of the
Regular Army of the United States
Who fell in battle during the
War of the Rebellion.
This monument is erected by their
Surviving Comrades.

—these are all conceived in reverence, and intended to speak simply and directly the purpose of the givers and the merits of the dead. It is but right to add that the designer, Stanford White, and the sculptor, Frederick Macmonnies, have given a generous and enthusiastic labor to the work far beyond the value of any money recompense received, and in the true spirit of the artist and patriotic citizen.

The germ of the idea, which speedily took root, and which makes this monument unique in conception and creation, was planted in 1864 by a young officer of artillery, Henry C. Hasbrouck, then a lieutenant and instructor at the Military Academy, and now lieutenant-colonel.

An organization was formed, and subscriptions solicited from all officers of the regular army. A *pro rata* contribution of ten per centum of the monthly pay for one month was received from officers and men alike, and in a short time some seventeen thousand dollars was received. This increased by judicious management, until in 1890 it amounted to upwards of sixty-three thousand dollars, when action was taken by the selection of a building committee, which, after competition among four firms of architects, chose the design of Stanford White. The committee associated with itself Messrs. R. M. Hunt, Augustus St.-Gaudens, and Arthur Rotch for the purpose of this decision, and then proceeded at once to contract for the work.

The removal and remodelling of the original figure of Fame, together with certain minor changes, as well as the great care required in the verification, casting, and application of the 2140 names, delayed the completion of the monument until the fall of 1896, and its dedication until now.

It is the only monument on the continent to the officers and soldiers of the regular army who fought in the war of the rebellion, and in presenting it to the government of the great republic it has served so well, that army asks its fellow-citizens to bear in remembrance, together with the names of its leaders inscribed upon it, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Mansfield, Lyon, those survivors who belong with them to history, their brothers in arms, and sons also of that Military Academy, where their memory is preserved and venerated—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Meade, Thomas, Schofield, Halleck, Hooker, Hancock, Buell, Rosecrans, Canby, Slocum, Sumner (not of the Academy), Howard, Franklin, Fitz-John Porter, Stanley, Ord, Pleasonton, Sykes, Gregg, Stoneman, Wright, Warren, Parke, Buford, Merritt, Hunt, Smith (C. F.), Couch, Doubleday, Heintzelman, Crook, Smith (W. F.), Gibbon, Ruger, Gillmore, Weitzel, McCook, Newton, McDowell, Kilpatrick, Wilson, Webb, Baird, Anderson, Andrew Porter, Meigs, and many more.

Charles W. Larned, U.S.A.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS MATCH.

The recent novel contest between chess-players of the British House of Commons and of the United States House of Representatives has attracted attention because of the prominence of the players and the active participation of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Each side was represented by five players, who were paired for that number of games. The Americans were in the room of the Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce in the House wing of the Capitol at Washington, the British players being in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons, London, the two places being connected by direct wires of the Western Union Telegraph and Anglo-American Cable companies. Moves as they were made were written in the English chess notation and transmitted immediately. The wonderful gain in telegraphy was shown by the rapidity with which messages were exchanged. Frequently moves were sent and the answers received in less than one minute, though the players were separated by more than 4000 miles of wires and cables.

The American players were Richmond Pearson, of Asheville, North Carolina; John F. Shafroth, of Denver, Colorado; Robert N. Bodine, of Paris, Missouri; T. S. Plowman, of Talladega, Alabama; and Levin Irving Handy, of Newark, Delaware.

The House of Commons was represented in the match by Mr. Arthur Strauss, member of Parliament for the Camberne Division of Cornwall; Mr. F. W. Wilson, member for the Middle Division of Norfolk; Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett, member for the South Division of Dublin County; John Howard Parnell, member for South Meath; and Llewellyn Archer Atherley-Jones, member for the Northwest Division of Durham. Mr. Parnell is an elder brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. He resided in Alabama for many years, and is well known in this country.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, acted as umpire for the British players at the House of Representatives, and Mr. John Hay, United States ambassador to Great Britain, served in like capacity for the American players at the House of Commons. Baron Ladislau Hengelmüller von Hengervar, minister from Austria-Hungary at Washington, was referee. In Washington, the members of the diplomatic corps who acted as umpires for the British at the five boards were the Earl of Westmeath, of the British Legation, Don Juan Du Bosc, secretary of the Spanish Legation, Dr. Vogel, secretary of the Swiss Legation, Mr. Rootkowski of the Russian Legation, and Mr. N. J. Knagenhjelm, of the Legation of Sweden and Norway. In London the American ambassador was assisted by Mr. Ward-Higgs, Mr. Hanneforth, Mr. Topham, Mr. Carson, and Mr. Hirsch of the British Chess Club.

The match was commenced on May 31, at 2 P.M. Washington time (7 P.M. London), and unfinished games were adjourned at 7 P.M. (midnight, London). It was continued the following day at two, and finished at seven, about ten hours being used in the match. The time limit in the games was fifteen moves an hour, each player being required to make that number of moves in an indicated hour.

The contest was opened by the Speakers of the House of Representatives and the House of Commons, who exchanged the following cablegrams:

To the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington:

I am glad to hear that the friendly contest is about to begin between the two Houses, and trust that it is the most serious conflict in which they will ever meet.

W. C. Gulley, Speaker.

Mr. Reed cabled in acknowledgment:

To the Speaker of the House of Commons, London:

Thanks for your friendly message. Please convey to the players my regret that I cannot send them my best wishes now, but hope to do so always hereafter.

T. B. Reed, Speaker.

While the match was being played the umpires exchanged greetings as follows:

To his Excellency Sir Julian Pauncefote:

Cordial greetings and sincere wishes for a well-fought game and a righteous victory for the best side.

John Hay.

The reply of the British ambassador read:

To his Excellency the Hon. John Hay:

My sincere thanks for your kind greeting. I cordially reciprocate the sentiments expressed in your friendly message.

Pauncefote.

(*Continued on page 596.*)

STARVED TO DEATH
in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.—[*Adv.*]

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores. —[*Adv.*]

Don't be deceived by fraudulent impositions. Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters—the only genuine. —[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

FROM
"POPULAR DENTISTRY"
BY G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D.S.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY ATTENTION TO THE TEETH AS TO PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

[*A copy of this pamphlet by mail, free, on application to Hall & Ruckel, New York.*]

About the sixth year, or soon after, four permanent molar or double teeth make their appearance. Let every parent remember this. It is generally supposed that these four teeth belong to the first set, and if they decay or are removed they will come again. This is a mistaken idea. They are permanent teeth, and if lost will be lost forever. No teeth that come after the sixth year are ever shed. At twelve years the second set is usually complete, with the exception of the *dens sapientiæ*, or wisdom teeth, which make their appearance from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth year. During the eruption of the second set, the beauty and character of the child's countenance is completed, and everything depends upon proper care and attention at this time, to see that the teeth come with regularity.

(*To be continued week after next.*)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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offers three virtues linked in one:
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CLEANSING,
PRESERVING
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Liquid and powder in the same package.
HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, 3 cents.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS are for sale everywhere, but if your dealer does not supply you, we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.
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Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), Six Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
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SHAVING SOAPS
EXCELL ALL OTHERS IN THE PECULIAR SOFTENING ACTION ON THE BEARD, AND THE WONDERFULLY HEALING-CREAMY-NEVER-DRYING LATHER.

No. 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS
A lasting scent of rare Fragrance and Delicacy.
Has all the true odor of fresh natural Violets.
BE SURE AND GET "No. 4711"

No. 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U.S. AGENTS.

BATHING is always pleasant; with Pears' Soap it is a luxury. You never can find another toilet soap that so closely comes up to the ideal of perfection, and so long as fair, white hands, a bright, clear complexion and a soft, healthful skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness so long will
Pears' Soap
continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who wish to be beautiful and attractive. Its purity is such that it may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, even that of a new-born babe.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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because they are the only half-hose that are
KNITTED TO THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT
For COMFORT, ELEGANCE, and WEAR } Buy Shawknit
Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for descriptive price-list.
SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

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Luxurious Writing!

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Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, Ball-Pointed pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others
FOR EASY WRITING.
$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*
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A. C. McClung & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Brown Bros., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

G. A. SODEN, FIRST PLACE.
Time, 1 h. 21 m. 4 2-5 s.

F. R. WARREN, SECOND PLACE.
Time, 1 h. 21 m. 10 s.

T. R. GOODWIN, THIRD PLACE.
Time, 1 h. 20 m. 10 s.

THE WINNERS IN THE IRVINGTON-MILLBURN TWENTY-FIVE-MILE HANDICAP ROAD RACE.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 598.]

(*Continued from page 595.*)

The teams were paired for the games, and the results were as follows:

United States.	Won.		British.	Won.
Mr. Pearson	0	vs.	Mr. Plunkett	1
" Shafroth	1	vs.	" Parnell	0
" Bodine	1	vs.	" Strauss	0
" Plowman	0	vs.	" Atherley-Jones	1
" Handy	½	vs.	" Wilson	½
Total	2½		Total	2½

The House of Representatives won two and a half games, the House of Commons two and a half, and the match was drawn.

During the progress of the game between Mr. Plowman and Mr. Atherley-Jones, the American umpire discovered that Mr. Atherley-Jones had exceeded his time limit, and according to the rules the American player could have claimed the game. Mr. Plowman very generously waived the right, and the game was finally won by the English player.

The result is very creditable for the American side, as the game of chess is not well patronized by members of Congress, not more than sixty members of the Lower House having a knowledge of the moves. The committee of which Mr. Pearson was chairman had some difficulty in forming the team, so many of the players being out of practice. The challenge was received from the House of Commons in March, and the experts have been busy preparing for the contest since that time. In the House of Commons there are more than three hundred chess-players, and one of the committee rooms is devoted to the game. The British committee, of which J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., was chairman, had little difficulty in selecting the team, as the friendly contests and matches among the Commoners during the past winter had shown who were in the best form.

The *London Times* offered a valuable trophy for the winners of the match; but as it was undecided the trophy cannot be awarded till another match is played. Both sides have expressed the wish that an annual chess-match be played between the two Houses.

One of the members of the House of Representatives humorously suggests the possibility of a chess league between the legislative bodies of the leading governments.

L. D. BROUGHTON, JR.

P. H. Clark. E. M. Cregar. M. C. Work (Manager). H. C. Thayer. F. H. Bates. H. L. Clark.

H. P. Baily. F. W. Ralston. H. H. Brown. J. B. King. G. S. Patterson. C. Coates, Jr. A. M. Wood.

THE ALL-PHILADELPHIA AMATEUR CRICKET ELEVEN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLFE.
Gone to play a Two Months' Schedule with the full Strength—Amateur and Professional—of English Cricket.

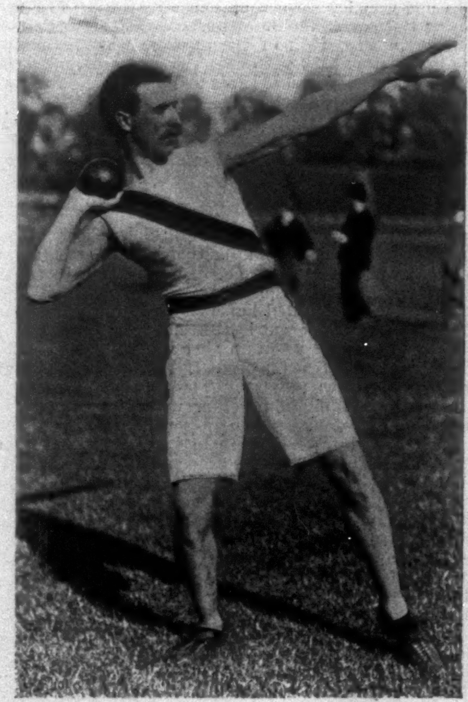
Cregan. Orton.

G. W. ORTON (UNIV. OF PENN.) WINNING ONE-MILE RUN, 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE MOST SATISFACTORY FEATURE in the decision of this year's Inter-collegiate Athletic championships was the marked success of the home-bred as against the acquired athlete. Of the forty-two names in the table of first, second, and third place winners all but five are the athletic product of the universities they represented. And of the '97 champions, in the thirteen events, ten perfected their game under the colors they wore at Berkeley Oval, May 29.

Not the least occasion for congratulating Univ. of Penn. on the success of her team is furnished also along this same line. Deprived of the seven points won by the two men who may not be regarded as home-bred, Univ. of Penn.'s score would yet be of sufficient size to entitle her to the championship.



ROBERT GARRETT (PRINCETON).
16-lb. Shot Put, 41 ft. 10 3-4 in.

The rumored protest of Hoffman was not forth-coming, and for the very good reason, to which my own investigations bear witness, that no evidence was to be had of his having lost his amateur status by competing with a professional. On the other hand, some matters developed in the investigation (to be discussed here later) showing a tendency which menaces wholesome college sport, and must be instantly checked.

LOOKING OVER THE ENTRIES of the other contesting universities, we find not a single man on the Harvard or Yale teams who is not of the home-bred variety. Of Princeton's points two were earned by an athlete of the non-home-bred variety—Cregan, formerly at Union—who, together with Kilpatrick (now a professional) and Palmer, joined the Princeton forces last autumn. Had Cregan gone to Harvard, Yale, or Univ. of Penn., the rules in force at those universities would not have permitted him representation until he had completed a year's college work. Princeton also has a similar provision (in a one-year's-residence rule) for football and baseball men, but it has been modified for the benefit of track athletes who enter Princeton at the very beginning of the college year. And so both Cregan and Palmer were permitted—ill-advisedly, sportsmen think, under the circumstances—to wear the orange and black in a championship meeting.

Apart from this, Princeton merits highest commendation for the splendid work of her team. Nothing could have been more thoroughly gratifying to sportsmen than Colfelt's victory over Wefers in the 220-yard dash, for Colfelt is an amateur and a genuine university man, while the status of Wefers has more than once been questioned. So, too, the success of Garrett, although wanting that emphatic satisfaction furnished by Colfelt's defeat of Wefers, came as a pleasant reward to a hard-working, conscientious captain whose sportsmanship has been attested.

BUT FOR A STRONG BREEZE, which blew up the home-stretch on the finish of all the runs, and against the sprinters and hurdlers all the way, new records would undoubtedly have been established in the quarter, half, and mile runs, in the mile walk, and in the high hurdles. As it was, the performances in all these events were somewhat exceptional under the conditions.

It so happened that on May 28, the day of the preliminary heats, the wind, although not so strong, came from the same direction, and the times in both sprints are therefore, in trials and finals, the slowest recorded in several years. A final 100 yards has not been won in less than $10\frac{1}{5}$ s. since '88, when Sherrill did it in $10\frac{3}{5}$ s.; and $22\frac{3}{5}$ s. for the 220 yards has not been duplicated, except by Richards in '93, since Sherrill's same time in '88.

With favorable, or rather fair, conditions, even time would certainly have been reached in the 100 yards, and Wefers given perhaps a closer race, for Fisher and Whittemore are both good for ten seconds, and it is doubtful if Wefers could have bettered that this year; he is stronger than those men, however, and therefore ran with less effort against the wind.

In the semi-final heat Hoffman beat Jarvis for second place, and Fisher beat Redpath for second; but in the final, Hoffman, having won third in the quarter meantime, was completely out of it at 50 yards, and in a 220-yard semi-final he was beaten just at the tape by Ehrich.

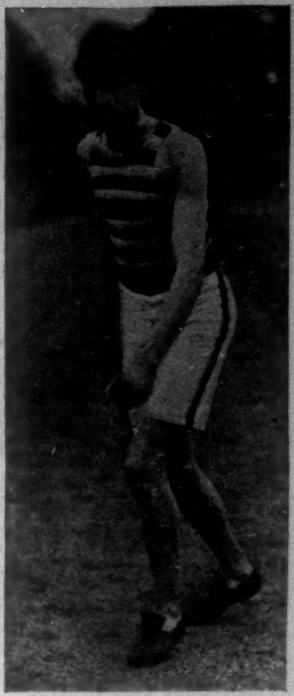
It must have been an exceptional day for Hoffman when he won the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. 100 yards in 10 s., as he has not shown form approaching it since.

TEWKSBURY WAS THE real sprinter for Univ. of Penn. He was shut out of a 100-yard semi-finals by Fisher in one of the first trial heats, but he evened matters by beating Fisher in the 220 semi-finals, and created no small astonishment by getting third in the final. Considering this is his first season, his work suggests something very good for the future.

Hillary is another coming sprinter for Univ. of Penn.; he won a second place in the 220 trials, but could not run against the wind in the finals. Under good conditions he ought to run very close to Hoffman, if indeed not beat him.

It has been said that Colfelt owes his victory in the 220 yards to the fact that Wefers was not up to form, and, in a measure, that is true. But the question is whether Wefers will again attain form that will enable him to duplicate his wonderful performance of $21\frac{1}{5}$ s. for 220 yards. Such time is so remarkable that one may be pardoned if he doubt the ability of a human being to reach it more than once in a life. Wefers will undoubtedly retain his form for some time, and I should not be surprised if he again equalled his world's record of $9\frac{4}{5}$ s. for the 100 yards; but it would be surprising if he approached his 220-yard record of $21\frac{1}{5}$ s.

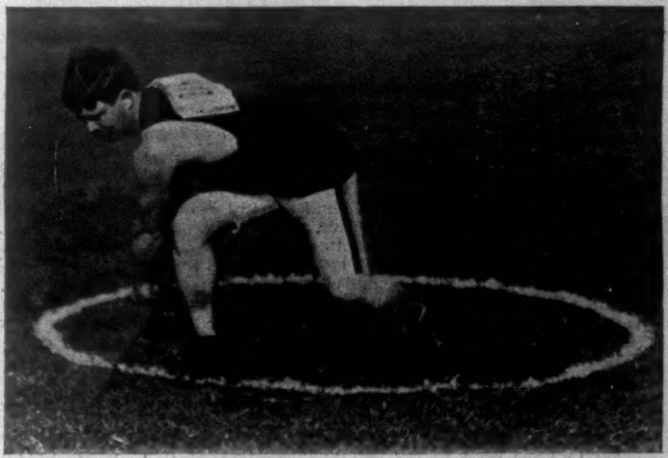
On the other hand, Colfelt is a strong, plucky sprinter, and will one of these days, perhaps before the season is over, do one-fifth or even two-fifths better than 22s. for the 220-yard. This confidence in his future work is prompted by his very considerable improvement over last year and his strength on the finish. Maybe I credit him with greater possibilities than he is capable of fulfilling, but I doubt it. At all events, we shall see what we shall see.



T. E. BURKE (BOSTON UNIV.),
Quarter-mile Champion—50 2-5 s.

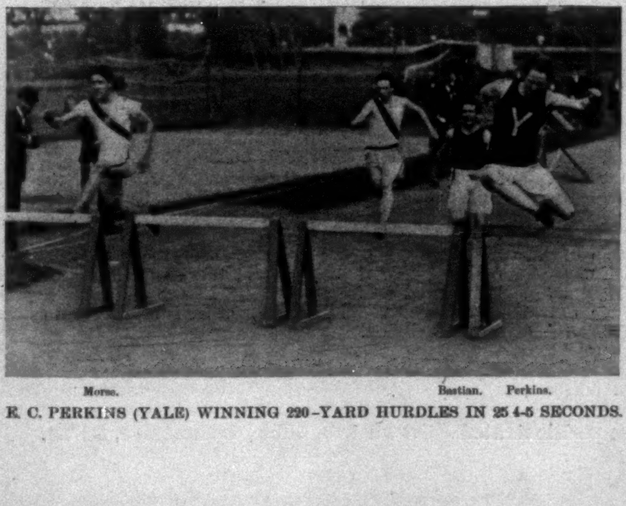
HOLLISTER did not run in the quarter, and that left second place a very open question, with Garvan, Vincent, Gerard, Hoffman, and Fish all in the preliminaries. Hoffman beat Garvan in the trials, and Vincent beat Gerard; but in the finals Garvan beat Hoffman, who just managed to cross the tape before Vincent. Burke won with great ease by about ten yards. Neither Fisher nor Colfelt ran in the quarter; either of them could have taken a second. Colfelt saved his strength for the 220-yards to some purpose; but Fisher's reservation profited him nothing in the 220, in which he was expected to at least get third.

Before the home-stretch of the half-mile had been reached all but three of the men were dead beat, and the beaten ones included Ordway, Hinckley, Draper, Lyons, who quit, and Orton, who had his share of utmost endeavor in the mile. Even Hollister found the going difficult against the wind, and showed some distress, although he won by a dozen yards or more. Lyons was running in second place until he dropped out, and Lane and A. Grant, who finished second and third, were run to a standstill, and barely able to cross the line.



W. G. WOODRUFF (UNIV. OF PENN.).
16-lb. Hammer Throw, 136 ft. 3 in.

NEXT TO THE 220-YARD DASH, the one-mile run was the most exciting of the day, for considerable speculation was rife as to whether Cregan would beat Orton, while some New England athletes favored Wright over the other two; besides there was D. Grant, of Harvard—four good men. Nothing occurred beyond the usual easy running in as good a place as obtainable until the third lap, when Wright took the lead, and held it until the next to the last turn, when Cregan began his effort, with Orton



Morse. Bastian. Perkins.

E. C. PERKINS (YALE) WINNING 220-YARD HURDLES IN 25 4-5 SECONDS.

Jarvis. Whittemore. Fisher. Wefers.

B. J. WEFERS (GEORGETOWN UNIV.) WINNING 100-YARD DASH, 10 2-5 SECONDS.

following him. Then Wright found the pace too hot and dropped out. Cregan and Orton raced away from the others, Cregan gaining slightly, until at the turn into the home-stretch he led by perhaps three or four yards. But there he began to come back to Orton, who was running with better judgment than he had ever run before; at seventy-five yards from home they were even, and so raced for nearly half the remaining distance, when Orton gradually pulled away, and finally won by about half a dozen yards, Grant coming in third, at least twenty yards back.

Mr. W. B. Curtis, whose opinion, more than another man's, is on such subjects entitled to consideration, said that but for the wind Orton's performance would have been about four seconds faster; as it was, he finished in 4 m. 25 s., and Cregan in 4 m. 26 s.—really great work.

Not until this year have I thought the walk pleasing to the eye; but Fetterman's style is so graceful—if one may apply the word to anything so distorting of face and limb—and so fair, as rather to soften one's prejudices. No one else was "in" the walk save Fetterman—which bit of vernacular happens to be literally true of Yale's entries, all of whom were ruled out for unfair walking before the event was half over. One of the Yale luckless was Butler, a rather promising man, with an almost ungovernable tendency to "break." In trying to keep up with Fetterman he was carried off his feet, and this gave Harvard an unexpected second place with Phillips. The wind proved a sad handicap to Fetterman, who has this year done 6 m. 47 s., and would have made new inter-collegiate figures but for the adverse conditions.

With the hurdles came another Yale disappointment, and a couple of splendid performances. Perkins proved equal to the demand of winning both high and low, and in the face of a breeze blowing especially stiff at the time did the high in 16 s.—work equal to a couple of fifths better under good conditions.

But Fox disturbed Yale calculations by beating both Van Beuren and Thompson, especially after the latter had beaten him out for a first in one of the semi-finals. Bastian was a rather unexpected factor in the low hurdles, and seems a very likely man; so does Wheeler in the high.

The field events baffled the wind and provided the record-making performances of the afternoon. Particularly in the high jump and pole vault was there an average of general performance not before equalled at an inter-collegiate meeting—a fact realized by the old-timers among the officials of the meeting when startled by the megaphone announcement that "all the jumpers have now cleared six feet"! But four of the jumpers got no higher, and divided the points. Winsor won the event by easily clearing 6 ft. 1 in.; then he as easily cleared 6 ft. 3 in., establishing a new inter-collegiate record; then he essayed 6 ft. 6 in.—three-eighths of an inch higher than the world's record—but failed on three trials, although the performance seems to be within his reach. He got the elevation, but lacked the skilled scissor motion to carry him over safely.

Remington did not equal his best work in the broad jump. He won without doing so, but with sufficient form to raise expectations in his future work. Remington seems to be the one university jumper who is likely to reach 23 ft. Here again Yale got no place, although Cheney has done 22 ft., and second and third places were won with 21 ft. 8¼ in. and 21 ft. 7⅞ in., respectively.

So again in the shot Yale failed to reach expectations. Sheldon lost first to Garrett by the latter's splendid put of 41 ft. 10¾ in.—a foot farther than his best previous record. Sheldon last year won with 41 ft. 11¼ in., but his best this year was 41 ft. 6¾ in.; and McCracken captured third with 40 ft. 8½ in.

Woodruff's record-making in the hammer was not unexpected, but McCracken's 133 ft. 3 in. was a considerable improvement on his previous work, while Chadwick did 129 ft. 6 in.—his record is 132 ft. 6¼ in. The Univ. of Penn. men were trained to the very day, while Yale seemed to have been at her best against Harvard two weeks before.

The Inter-collegiate athletic and bicycle championship table of winners, records, etc., is crowded out of this issue, but will be published next week.

The Irvington-Millburn 25-mile handicap road race is not very aged, perhaps, but for at least ten years it has been a classical event in bicycle-racing, and many of the men who subsequently became famous had their first gruelling over this difficult course. So, too, did the present safety, when it made its initial racing appearance. Back in the early eighties there used to be team races over this course, but the Kings County Wheelmen were so uninterruptedly successful that entries grew scarce and there came near being an end to the sport. Certainly road-racing would have ceased but for the introduction of the handicap feature.

So it came about that the first Irvington-Millburn race was run in '89 with thirty-four entries.

The high-wheel ordinary had been the only bicycle used up to that year, but in '90 the Star appeared. The Star differed from the ordinary in having the small wheel in front instead of behind, and was, by-the-way, the bicycle on which Zimmerman first rode to fame. In '91 the pneumatic-tired safety made its first appearance, and although penalized four minutes in the Irvington-Millburn race, A. W. Porter lowered the record of the course by 1 m. 18 s. That was the last of the ordinary and the beginning of the safety's universal and altogether extraordinary reign.

Under its best conditions the Irvington course is a severe test of a rider's pluck, endurance, and speed; there are long lung-testing hills and few short level stretches in the five miles of road which must be traversed five times. So hard is the going, indeed, that as a rule about half of the starters finish.

This year—Decoration day—the usually trying going was increased fourfold by the fearful condition of the road as a result of two days' hard rain. There were a couple of inches of mud over nearly the entire course, impeding the progress of the bicycles and adding greatly to the severity of the riders' work. Of 123 entries 109 started, but the difficulties of the course and numerous accidents (not serious) reduced this number to 55 before the third round. Fast time was obviously impossible, and twice the officials raised the usual time limit of 1 h. 15 m., until it finally rested at 1 h. 22 m. 30 s.

The first five miles were finished in 17 m. 58 s., with J. W. Hollis (handicap, 6 m. 30 s.) leading, closely followed by G. A. Soden (handicap, 6 m. 30 s.), F. R. Warren (6 m. 30 s.), and T. R. Goodwin (5 m. 30 s.). At ten miles Soden led, doing the distance in 32 m. 53 s., Hollis, Warren, and Goodwin following in order. Soden was still leading at fifteen miles in 46 m. 29 s., and also at twenty miles in 1 h. 3 m. 48 s. In the last three miles Goodwin displaced Hollis for third place; and entering the last stretch Soden, Warren, and Goodwin were riding abreast. A quarter-mile from the finish Goodwin made a desperate spurt, which gave him the lead by about a yard; but within 200 yards of the tape Soden came on with an astonishing burst of speed, taking Warren with him, passed Goodwin, and won by about two yards (time, 1 h. 21 m. 4⅗ s.), only inches separating Warren and Goodwin for second place. Certainly a remarkable finish after a 25-mile ride through mud.

Of four scratch men who started, R. M. Alexander, the only one to finish, crossed the tape in seventh place and in the fastest time of the day, 1 h. 17 m. 9 s. He was subsequently protested on the charge of accepting outside pacing, but no decision is reached as we go to press. Curiously enough, last year he was awarded the race because the winner, Hadfield, was disqualified on the same charge. Those who receive bronze time medals are:

G. A. Soden, F. R. Warren, T. R. Goodwin, J. W. Hollis, P. Moliter, W. Spoll, W. C. Price, H. S. Bosworth, N. Edwards, J. Hanson, and B. C. Fuller.

Although the time bears no comparison with that of others, it was in all respects the most trying and therefore most notable road race since the establishment of the Irvington-Millburn event.

After playing half its schedule in an indifferent fashion wholly unworthy the men, the Harvard baseball nine suddenly reached its possibilities, and played two very strong games against Princeton, winning one at Cambridge, 7–4, and losing the other, the deciding one of the series, June 1, at New Haven, 0–2. With the exception of Chandler, who made three—fortunately for his side not very costly ones—not a Harvard man made an error. Stevenson was faultless at third, and Dean about as good at second. Rand made a most remarkable one-hand catch, while on the run, of a long liner sent by Butler into left field. Paine pitched a good game, and was ably supported by Scannell, who, in addition, did some scoring work with the stick. Altogether the game showed that Harvard can play first-class ball on occasion, and there may be a chance in the Yale series if the present pace is maintained. They outbatted Princeton in the first game, and outfielded them.

Princeton's trouble in the first Harvard game was the same trouble which at Princeton largely contributed to Harvard's run-getting in that last inning—a trouble that may lose her the Yale series unless corrected. It is the apparent over-anxiety of Butler and Smith to make double plays. Butler especially is too eager. He wants to throw the ball before he gets it. In fact, Princeton's in-field at Cambridge did wretched work, in which Hildebrand shared—eight errors all told. It would have been remarkable if Princeton had won with such a handicap, even had Harvard played its up to that time customary listless game. The pitchers were about even, Paine striking out five, Wilson striking out four, and each giving a base on balls.

Princeton played a notably strong game, and a steady one, in the final of the Harvard series. Butler, Smith, and Hildebrand made errors, though not so many as usual—one each, in fact. But the battery—Jayne and Kafer—and Kelly, Bradley, Easton, and Altman, played such ball as one seldom sees exhibited by amateurs. For all-round baseball ability there is not a man perhaps in any of the universities equal to Bradley. Princeton's outfield had opportunities for star plays seldom given in one afternoon, and each of the men equalled the occasion, Easton's catch, on a hard run, of Paine's long fly being the most sensational effort of the day.

Princeton's victory, well merited, was due to the splendid work of these men in the out-field—who made difficult catches when an error would have meant scoring for Harvard—and to the work of Jayne. In addition to good control and speed, he fielded his position so well that he made six hard assists and one put-out, without an error.

Harvard also played a strong game—errorless, in fact—and but for Paine's tendency to wildness and to giving bases on balls, an extra inning or so might have been needed to reach a decision. As it was, a base on balls put Princeton's first run-getter on first base, a sacrifice took him to second, and Paine's wild pitch brought him home. Five other bases on balls and three other wild pitches helped Princeton on her winning way. In the sixth Kelly singled, got second on Beale's fumble, reached third on a passed ball, and came home on Smith's single, thus completing Princeton's run-getting.

Harvard had an exceptional opportunity for scoring in the sixth inning. Haughton was the first man up, and made a three-base hit. A well-played sacrifice would have brought him home, but Beale, Scannell, and Stevenson could not bat the ball out of the diamond, and went out in one, two, three order.

In the eighth inning Harvard had another chance, but was unequal to the occasion. Princeton's only streak of batting came in the sixth inning; at other times Paine kept her hits well scattered. In actual pitching Paine and Jayne were about even, the first striking out three and the latter four men. In steadiness and in the fielding of his position, however, Jayne greatly excelled.

The first of the Yale-Princeton series, last Saturday at New Haven, provided an exhibition of heavy batting such as we seldom see in these days of ultra-scientific pitching. The very first man to bat, Bradley, lined out a three-bagger, and though his was the only run Princeton got until the fifth inning, Yale took the cue, and in her first inning made a home-run (Letton), a two-bagger (Keator), and two singles (Fincke and Hazen), for a total of four runs. Princeton replaced Wilson with Jayne in the first inning, after three runs had been scored, with only one man out, but that did not prevent Yale from getting another hit and run in the first, and three more hits and another run in the second inning. Jayne was nevertheless a great improvement on Wilson, and not another hit was made off his delivery until the fifth inning, when, for a total of two runs, Camp and Hazen each drove the ball for two bases and Wallace made a single, Camp scoring, however, on Jayne's wild throw to second.

Princeton took a turn at scoring in the fifth inning; Bradley walked to first, stole second on Murphey's short throw, and came home on Kafer's single, who also scored on Kelly's single, while Kelly was brought home by Altman's two bagger—three runs in all.

Princeton was playing a splendid uphill game, and getting a run in each of the three succeeding innings, tied the score (7 all) in the eighth. Princeton kept up her steady work, and in her (the first) half of the ninth scored twice again. Thus, when Yale went to bat in the ninth, the score stood 9–7 against her. Two men were out, and Fincke had reached first base—when Camp met the ball for a home-run, and again the score was tied. Princeton could do nothing in her half of the tenth; and Yale had Keator and Hazen on first and second, respectively, and two out, when Letton made a long drive into left field, Hazen scored; and Yale won a most exciting game—10–9.

Yale's work at the bat was a complete fulfilment of the promise furnished by her other important games this season, to wit, the ability to get hits when they are most needed. Yet if Jayne had been in the Princeton box from the very beginning of the first inning, Yale might not have secured so long a lead. Although, on the other hand, it is not improbable that Yale might have dropped onto him quite as readily in the beginning of the first inning as, in fact, she did in the beginning of the second inning. It was evidently Yale's day to bat.

In the field Princeton played the stronger, steadier game, the out-field especially doing notable work towards keeping the score down. Easton's error was excusable, being a try for an exceedingly difficult ball. There was ragged in-field work for both teams on occasion, Camp and Butler making two errors each, and being quite alike in their "hit-or-miss" endeavors. When they "hit," it is with brilliant results. Both are too eager. A commendable fault, however, which experience will amend. Meantime their efforts are praiseworthy. There was some very loose work at Yale's first and third bases once or twice. Hildebrand is somewhat slow on short grounders. The work of the pitchers was about even; Yale made more hits, but Greenway gave more bases on balls; Princeton stole five bases to Yale's three, and made four errors to Yale's five.

Princeton will probably have her revenge next Saturday at Princeton, and we shall have a deciding game played in New York June 19, which it looks now as if Princeton would win.

The Philadelphia open-air Horse Show is maintaining a standard which no other out-door show has approached. And that is from neither lack of endeavor nor a scarcity of shows. The County Fair with its display of live-stock is a time-honored institution in the United States, but the elaborated horse show of the present day is of comparatively recent institution.

Of the latter variety—in number and quality of entries, and perfection of arrangement, Philadelphia remains premier as well as pioneer. The attractiveness of the Philadelphia exhibition, together with our growing tendency to out-of-door life, are responsible for many other annual horse shows, all of them interesting and yearly improving. There is always a good show in Westchester County, and this year two others have already been held—one by the Queens County Association and one by the Elkridge Hunt Club. Nor is this all of the year's fixtures. There is yet one to be held at Devon, while throughout the West, and as far away as California, at least half a dozen are scheduled.

Philadelphia's show this year was perhaps the best of many good ones, the quality of entries averaging very high. The light-harness classes have grown to a superlative degree of excellence in the last three years, but the fifteen classes in that division at Philadelphia revealed extraordinary action and conformation.

The champion class brought together Mr. O. H. P. Belmont's Sundown, Mr. John Arthur's Leader the Scotchman, Mr. Wormser's Don Wilkes, Mr. Elkins's Robin, Mr. J. S. Bratton's Peacock, and Mr. Marion Story's Hilma and Hulda. Sundown and Leader the Scotchman outclassed the others. Sundown won the ribbon, a victory for the trotter-bred animal, as Mr. Arthur's beautiful stepper stands for the hackney style.

It was, by-the-way, evident, from the gait the hackneys were sent around the ring in all classes, that the hackney-breeders have become aware of the Americans' predilection for the superior speed of the trotter-bred harness horses. There was indeed a fine showing in hackneys.

The general character of entries in the saddle classes emphasized the steady improvement making in this direction, and the championship class brought out four grand animals in Mr. B. F. Clyde's Kathleen, Mr. Talmadge's Patsy McCord, Miss Halloway's Grenadier, and Miss Doremus's Chester. Kathleen won after a close contest with Grenadier.

The hunter and jumper classes were filled largely by local owners, but averaged high, none the less. The champion hunter class was won by the Chestnut Hill Stock Farm's Escape, Mr. C. Randolph Snowden's Richmond getting the reserve ribbon. Mr. Charles E. Mather's Welcome won the high jump, and another triumph was scored by the same sportsman, as Master of the Radnor Hounds, when the latter pack won the blue.

One of the most interesting events, and a novelty, was the class for hunting tandems, the leader to be shown in harness, and subsequently over the regulation jumps; Messrs. C. R. Snowden and William Carter secured the first prize. The New York Association should add such an event to its programme. It is most useful as well as entertaining.

Comment on college boating reserved for next week.

Caspar Whitney.

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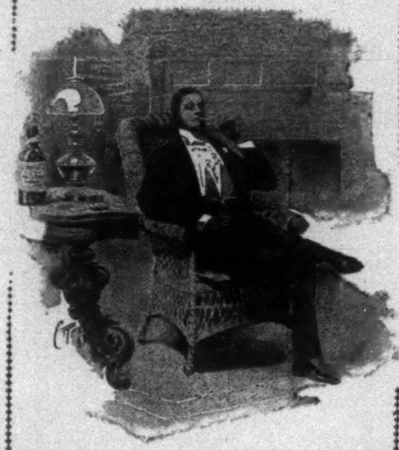

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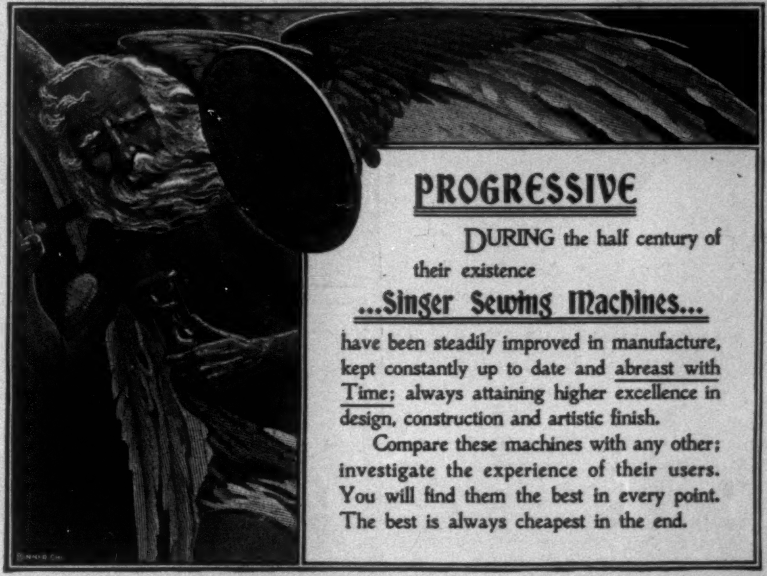

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